

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



RONALD
MCLEOD

JULY 1941

Kings waited while he gathered eggs



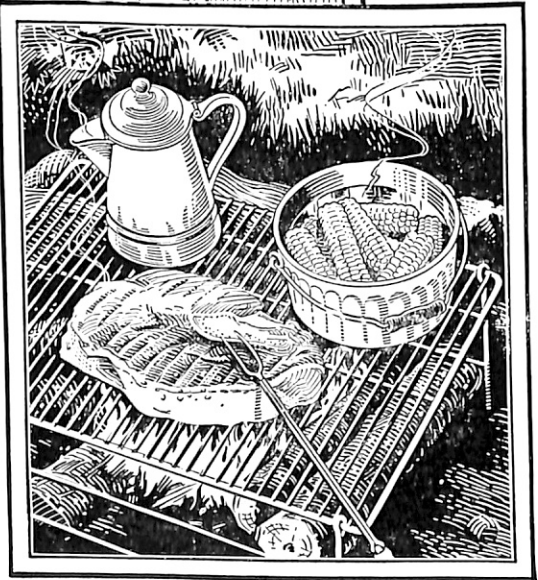
Daniel Webster went home and gathered a basketful of eggs because he was tired out. As Secretary of State, he had been grappling since early morning with problems affecting half a dozen kingdoms. He was fond of Nature and animals and he told Mrs. Webster that the simple pastime of gathering eggs helped him get down to earth.

* * * *

Watch the people of today who get things done. They expect something more than mere amusement from their well-earned moments of relaxation. They have learned to re-create energies for tomorrow through wholesome pastimes.

* * * *

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*A Beverage
of Moderation*

A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

MY BROTHERS:

As the sands of time run on, slowly but surely, and the hour draws near when I must lay down the mantle of leadership of our great Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, I am deeply conscious of the honor bestowed upon me in being elected Grand Exalted Ruler. It is an honor given but to few men, and my fondest memories, in the years to come, will be the friendships that I have made throughout this vast country of ours and the joys of having worked with men like you.

At Houston, as your newly elected leader, I initiated a program designed to instill a greater interest in the work of the Elks, to extend the program to the work of "helping cripples to help themselves". The need of doing community work, in view of the present world conditions, was also stressed and I urged the utmost care in the administration of the fiscal affairs of the Lodges.

I am happy and proud to report to you that the past year has been successful from every standpoint. Through the General John J. Pershing Class and the Grand Exalted Rulers' and Subordinate Officers' Classes, thousands of new members have been added, exceeding our hopes and expectations, and in many States the Crippled Children's Program is now a definite and active objective. Through the work of the Elks' National Defense Commission, we have taken the leading part in aiding our Government in the present emergency, and reports indicate that everywhere Elks' Lodges are the center of community activity in Americanism and civic endeavor.

All of this has been made possible because each one has put his shoulder to the wheel, and I want to thank the members of the Grand Lodge and the Past Grand Exalted Rulers; the various committee members, particularly the Grand Lodge Activities Committee and the Elks' National Defense and Public Relations Commission; my aides, the District Deputy, Grand Exalted Rulers, and Exalted Rulers of all Lodges, and through them, each and every member for the part they have played in our success this year.

For my successor, I bespeak the same close cooperation that has been given me. I place myself at his service and I know that by working together we shall be able to make the great Order of Elks a powerful factor in the life of America. Our objective has been, and will always be, to make "America Safe For Americans" and to preserve for posterity that freedom our forefathers so dearly won for us. In these days of uncertainty and world unrest, America needs Elkdom—We Must Not Fail.

Best wishes for all in the years to come.

Fraternally,

Joe G. Beech
GRAND EXALTED RULER.

Photo by Ewing Galloway



JULY 1941

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THE Elks MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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THIS MONTH We Present—

MR. HARKINS, just back from his South American tour, has a timely story to tell us of the coffee industry, in "A Cup of Coffee, Bud." In the light of the President's Good Neighbor policy, the coffee business assumes more and more importance. Coffee has done a great deal to further our present dubious relations with the Latin-American countries. Mr. Harkins, a graduate of the "Left Bank" and the cafés along the Rue de la Paix of the Paris that was, would have us believe the brew itself, with its soothing, companionable qualities, might very well settle most of the world's existing problems. Let's hope he's not too optimistic.

Since we last heard from William De Lisle, he has deserted the Nation's capital for greener fields—New Orleans, the land of the Sazarac, the home of beautiful Creole belles. The tropical breezes inspired him to turn out a yarn of high adventure laid in the southern seas. It's called "King O'Hara" and it's guaranteed to keep you on the edge of your seat.

Stanley Frank has finally broken out his true coat of arms. It is an aging, irascible tomcat *couchant* on a field of yellow (the kind of yellow you find between the shoulder blades) and it is bisected by a broad bar sinister. He has been making us believe in his infallibility for many long years. Now, at last, he breaks down and tells us—all of us—that we too can be experts. The process is very simple; in fact, most of us have been using it subconsciously for some time.

Jack Macmurragh, about whose personal life there seems to be a veil of secrecy, has written a short-short story called "Down Went McGinty", about an old Irishman who was the meanest man in the world. You'll probably see more of Mr. Macmurragh before long and we'll continue our efforts to ferret out something about his private life.

Be sure and read "A Ticket to Philadelphia, Please", on the editorial pages. It might just prove to be that final straw that will decide you to come to the National Convention. The Convention Program is on page twenty.

Ed Faust has some good advice about buying your puppies in his article, "A Pup in a Poke". He tells us that his prize Welch Terrier, "Imp", is about to become a mother . . . or father, we didn't quite catch which. We know you'll all be plugging for the little tyke.



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GIVE a dog a bad name—and hang him,” they say. It’s true enough that if you keep giving a dog a bad name he’ll probably hang himself. My belief is in the contrary, which is often a sound proposition: “Treat a dog with a bad name as though he had a good one, and he’ll turn up trumps.”

I’m thinking of O’Hara. That scallywag martyr king proved both points of view to be true.

O’Hara came from a great old school. He told the captain so himself. Captain Moses, a deep-water man, bred to it from the age of eight, never guessed what school, though he reckoned it was A 1 with Lloyd’s, well found and seaworthy.

That O’Hara himself was not the kind that drowns easy was shown by the very nature of his coming to Kaparua. Captain Moses first saw him then, all ashine with salt water and with blood on his hands and side.

It had been a close call for the captain. There was King Moonyati dying, and nobody could deny it, and he had no son. The islanders in their chuckle-headed way, had got it into their heads that since the king had been a great good man, and it was useless saying he hadn’t, he should have then and there the everlasting life Captain Moses had taught them about. They’re pure children these islanders. But then, aren’t we all, except that we have different backyards to play in?

Anyhow, there was the captain in the king’s hut, and the old man whispering low between breaths that drew long and languid from the big brown box of his chest.

“Cap’n,” said the king, “if I too die, even as all men, succor my children.”

“You can bet on that, King,” said the captain shakily, for Moonyati had been an awfully decent old scout.

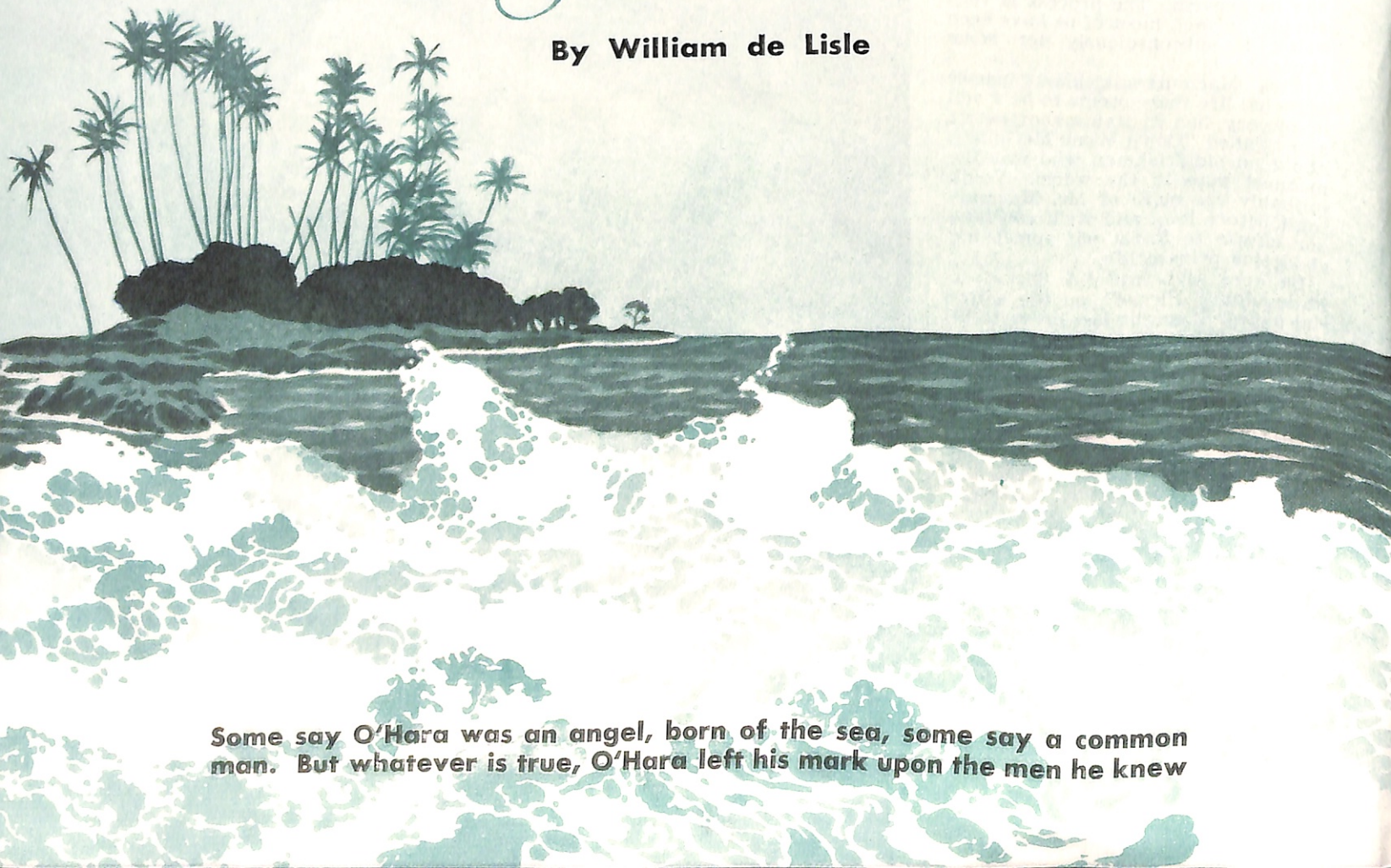
Kilti, the brother of the king, stood in the doorway of the hut, and all that Moonyati said to the captain or the captain to Moonyati, he passed to the people in the square, where they sat, the whole ship’s company of Kaparua, on the edge of the palms, waving their arms and swaying their bodies as they sang low and softly one of the hymns the captain had taught them. And as the king now picked at his blanket as if something were on his mind, Kilti passed the word. There was an instant silence, broken only by the everlasting croon of the reef, and then the hymn again.

“Then,” murmured the king, appealing like a child, “have I been good? Cap’n—not good as a white man—but maybe as good as one of the worst of the white men?”

The captain, touched by such humility, had to take a grip on himself before he could answer, “King, I am

King O’Hara

By William de Lisle



Some say O’Hara was an angel, born of the sea, some say a common man. But whatever is true, O’Hara left his mark upon the men he knew

white, and I feel greatly honored to have been your servant."

"No," said Moonyati, and his hands grew very still and his eyelids drooped as if tired of lifting. "No servant, Cap'n—I greet you as my—"

Captain Moses, the old sea dog, only heard the good king sigh. Then for some long minutes there was no sound.

So he decently covered up the face of the king, and went to the door of the hut and pointed to the peak of old Brumea, smoking sullenly ten good miles away. "Your father," he said, "has gone to the Mountain."

A cry rose that would fairly have touched your heart. Then Kilti, blood brother of the king, spoke. "What's this everlasting life you talk of, Cap'n? Come, warriors!"

The captain saw spiked clubs that had been put away as relics a good many years, and men with tears in

their eyes but with grim fighters' mouths.

"Cap'n," cried Kilti, "our father sleeps. If he comes not back as you have said, all you teach is lies. Lo! then—when the shadow of 'the hand' shall cover you where you stand, if our king be not awake and young and strong and happy, go seek him."

("The hand" went when old Brumea blew.) It was a hill with five palm-trees on it, like fingers.

And all the islanders sat down in a circle around the captain far enough off for the warriors to cast their clubs.

They abided, maybe, a space of four hours. Then, when the shadow of the hand had crept up to the captain's waist, went Kilti and looked inside the king's hut and cried sobbing, "Art thou yet awake, Brother?" But there was no answer.

So Kilti came back to the circle and sobbed no more. But he looked

at the captain. "Cap'n," he said, "Moonyati left a word unsaid. He greeted you as no servant, but—what? If the great king comes not back to finish the speech will you not go to him?"

At his look the clubmen got to their feet and took their stance for throwing.

"No servant," cried Kilti with the old forgotten head-hunter's sing-song drone. "Moonyati said, 'Thou art no servant—'" He looked around the ring and raised his hand to give the sign to throw. "But he would greet thee—"

"Brother!" came a strong Irish voice from the back of the ring in an impudent, nasal, droning caricature of a preacher. "Brother, oh, let us be joyful!"

The entire gathering turned dumb-struck.

There was O'Hara come unnoticed from the sea, tall, gleaming with

There was O'Hara come from the sea, tall and gleaming with muscles like some Greek bronze



white, wet Irish skin, muscles like those Greek bronze mantelpiece Samsons you see in junk shops, bleeding from a wound under his heart, but as cheery as a Sealyham.

In all the lagoon was no boat or raft, and this white man had risen wondrous from an empty sea to end the dead king's words.

"Moonyati!" cried Kilti, as though the word had been squeezed out of him.

"The same to you in Gaelic," said O'Hara, and hurrying forward, offered his hand with a farcical gesture. "Oh, my brown brother, I've dreamed about your sunny face while I've been away."

You see the captain had tried to teach English to the islanders, but in their innocence they took such words as they understood at their face value, knowing nothing of the buffoonery of the man who uttered them.

So Kilti knelt and, with lordly ceremonial, placed the Irishman's foot on his own neck, then rising, led him to the captain, who stood white faced in the center of the circle, dazed by the awful relief of this blasphemous miracle. "Captain," said Kilti in the native tongue, "I spoke evil. Has not the king called you brother—called me brother, which is truth indeed?"

"What's biting the old cockalorum?" asked O'Hara of the captain.

"Your coming," whispered the captain. "Take it easy. Keep quiet. It has saved my life. They take you for the king."

"Good Mick!" said O'Hara impudently. "Is there anywhere on this blighted mud-pie where a king can get a drink?"

It was a queer thing. The captain had read the committal often enough in the course of a tidy spell of life, over the shotted grating with men bracing their feet for the roll of the ship as they lifted their burden to the rail, or on this little isle, so quiet and fair and far, but he had never struck the glorious hope and triumph of the words before.

Those brown children taught him that, when they took the body of King Moonyati and buried it with joy and thanksgiving as a man might jettison an old suit when he has got himself a new one. Anyway, had not the king with his first words told them to be joyful? And here was his discarded clay being put away while to the light of day, dazed still from his translation, saying strange words in a strange way, white of skin, merry of countenance, his spirit had returned.

Because at times of deliverance Cap'n Moses had accustomed them to sing, "Now thank we all our God," they sang it lustily coming from the burial of Moonyati, whom they loved so, who so loved them, who had been brought back to rule and guide and care for them, world without end! Poor sinners!

And there was the irony. O'Hara with the gleaming shell-shawl of the king and the pearl filet around his



At last they got through to the square where the red glare of Brumea's paroxysm shone on brown figures gathering, looking to their king for help.

Illustrated by RONALD McLEOD

brows, broke time and again into some silly ditty about a grasshopper picking its teeth.

The captain got him speedily under cover in his own hut. He told the people, God forgive him!—that the king had come a long way and must rest for many days to refit, so to speak, after hard voyaging. That was enough for Kilti. He would have guarded the captain's hut till doom.

Inside O'Hara took off his shawl and laughed.

"Me hat, Captain!" he said. "You do things in style. I'm no end grateful for the tuck in you gave me. To tell you the truth—something I don't often do—I was about all in when I raised your volcano. But I still haven't got the hang o' things. I thought I'd stumbled into a prayer meeting, not a funeral party."

"Well," said the captain, "my name's Moses."

"The reverend?" O'Hara put in.

"No, captain—merchant marine."

"Well!" cried O'Hara. "I took you for some sort of devil-dodger."

The captain grinned at that though the poor dead king lay heavy on his heart. "I hope I am," he said. He went on to explain.

He was rising sixty then and hale, thank Heaven, for another twenty years. All his life he had used the sea and found the Lord's mercy in the peril of deep waters. Then because in the States there was neither chick nor child nor anyone to care for, and a godless folk grown unhandy to discipline, too wordily wise for him, he had come to this island

way off the trade routes where neither pearler nor merchant ever came. "The Lord has blessed my going," said the captain to himself. "It was time I quit salt water to show the light of His mercy in a dark corner of the earth."

"Most exemplary!" said King O'Hara. "So you came to evangelize this mud-pie."

He walked around the captain's room with his keen eyes busy on every detail of the place, the workshop with its store of tools and what not. He paused to con the bookshelf. "Holy Bible," he said, with that handsome cynical condescension of his that was as bad as contempt. "Common Prayer, Moby Dick, Rewards and Fairies, The Sea Captain's Handy Guide to Medicine. Me hat! A scratch crew."

Scratch crew or not, they were good enough companions, I reckon, for a fellow in Cap'n Moses' shoes.

Suddenly O'Hara dropped into one of the deck chairs and reached a long arm for the captain's tobacco, home-grown, home-cured, in its earthen home-baked jar. "I owe you me yarn, Cap'n," he said.

"Not if you'd liefer not," returned the captain.

But, though the man was callous and cynical and clever as a monkey, courtesy was in his bones. You noticed how after poking ribaldry at what he had taken for a prayer meeting, when he had swum ashore out of the jaws of death, he had yet the grace to thank the captain for his food. He reckoned he owed that



yarn and he wasn't ashamed to tell it.

God, he was a hard case.

"I'm a bad egg," he began with a queer, frank, boyish smile that got you somehow. "O'Haras are all very bad eggs or very good ones, and it's me turn to be addled."

And there in the duds the captain had rigged him out with and his lazy smile, and his steely eyes that seemed to flash and dazzle, and his huge white forearm holding out a hand delicate as a Virgin's in some Italian temple Genoa way, he told it all. Maybe it was some ease to let somebody hear it.

"I got kicked out of—I got kicked out of school," he said, "for kissing a teacher." He grinned. "She'd asked for it."

The captain understood. O'Hara had a face and a way with him.

That had been beginning enough to prove to his folks he was one of the wild O'Haras, to hide away and watch carefully, and to despair over. The American West had been the place for him—Arizona, that sea

anchor of all tall English and Irish ships that drag their moorings. But, bless you, sixteen hours out of the twenty-four on a broncho weren't long enough to purge the devil out of O'Hara. There were still four hours to eat, drink, and be merry in. Four were enough for sleep. He lit out for the Mexican border with the state troopers raising the dust behind him and a dead man on a saloon floor who had been first to draw—and slower on the pull.

There had been a rough-house down south in one of the sweet little casino towns on the Caribbean that do the devil great credit, as the Bishop said.

"I will not sit mum and let a lousy greaser scoop my chips," O'Hara explained lazily.

"Well how did you come to Kapa-rua?" asked the captain.

"From Vaitu," he said. "Five days drifting with a cyclone at me tail. I was pearling, half shares with a stiff named Kramer. Struck shell that paid us dollars and pounds every time a boy went overside. We had

ten men's fortunes saved up when Kramer got me drunk with a case of 'the Widow' we'd been keeping for a toast to Lady Luck if she smiled. He got me, as he thought, plastered and weighed out with the goods." He paused with narrowed eyes, as though he could see to Vaitu out across the sea. "Not so drunk, mind you, that I couldn't wake up and shift the marks we had put down to buoy the reef. He piled the ketch up at dawn with a fresh wind blowing and made for shore in the dinghy, while I climbed aboard from the bobstay where I had been hanging, scooped up the pearls and took them to me dug-out on the reef. Typhoon blew. I bailed four days and raised your volcano as the storm blew out, tipped up on the coral, swam ashore." Laughing he waved a hand toward the door. "There's a couple of million's worth of pearls—five little bags of 'em—down on that sea floor. Isn't Lady Luck a jade, eh?"

Night snapped down sharp as a shutter as he talked.

(Continued on page 38)



The meanest man in the world was Old Dinny McGinty—but then, we all have our faults.

Down *went McGinty*

A Short Short Story
by Jack Macmurragh

ONCE a month Rory Gaffney calls the priest and says, "A Mass for Old Nick's Grandfather!" And once a month the priest says, "That's no way to speak of the dead, Rory," and reaches for his pencil.

Once a week between spring-thaw and snow-fall, Mrs. Rory Gaffney says to their sons, "It's Saturday. Go tend His Grave." And out they go.

A mean little heller of an old man was Dinny McGinty, full of pep and vinegar and whiskey at eighty-five.

Spry on his feet for his age, too, Old Dinny was. Mornings sometimes

he'd go into Rory Gaffney's saloon and start the mechanical piano and violin that was Rory's pride and treasure. But never a nickel went in. No—he had a slug on a string, and Rory could never catch him with it. He'd slug the machine into music, and dance all by himself, his blackthorn stick thumping the floor. And when the fiddle squealed, as it sometimes did, Old Dinny would chortle and shout, "Rory! Yer defunct tomcat's singin' soprano. Me nickel back, please." And Rory would bite a mouthful of air and chew it, grinding his teeth as he passed over the nickel. Rory was wishful to get married, and he was trying to make a gentleman of himself.

But only in the mornings did Old Dinny dance. Nights, he said, were for sleeping. He had a room over Rory's saloon. A room as neat and tidy as an old maid's. And when things below got noisy of an evening, he'd holler down through the hole he'd cut in the floor, calling the boys by name. He had a remarkable memory, had Old Dinny, and an astounding fund of information. Many's the time, through that hole in the floor, the town was informed of intimate secrets that one of Rory's noisy patrons had thought hidden or forgotten.

Very effective was Old Dinny. Usually. But there was one night just before the Fourth when the boys were full to their ears and couldn't hear him. The first thing they knew, here came Dinny through the front door, clad only in his nightshirt, his shoes and his stick. Rory was busy at one of the tables, and straight behind the bar the old man marched, his stick bouncing alongside him on the mahogany, sweeping every drink and every bottle to the floor. And deftly, as he passed, with his right hand, he snagged a quart of whiskey that roosted on the back-bar. And then he was gone out the side door and up the outside stairs.

The old man's door was locked, but Rory would have busted it with a shove except that Old Dinny was head and shoulders out the window, drumming on the building with his stick, and shouting, "Murder! Arson! Rory Gaffney's stealing me pennies! Rory Gaffney's stealing an old man's savings!"

And in between shouts, he twisted at the cork with the few teeth he had left.

Rory had to run downstairs to show everyone he wasn't stealing the old man's money. While the two night-marshals who'd come loping drank the beer Rory gave them, Rory stood under the hole in the

floor and lambasted Old Dinny with every curse he knew. "Some day," he said, "you'll come to a bad end, you mean old hellion!"

"Have a drink with me, Rory Gaffney," Old Dinny hollered down. And he poured a good slug of whiskey through the hole.

Rory stood there with the whiskey dripping through his hair, and began to cry. "I can lick any man in the house," he said with the tears and the whiskey shining on his face, "includin' both cops."

And he could, too. No one moved.

"I can lick any man in town!"

"Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle," Old Dinny said. "Whagh!"

"Any man in the state!"

"In the country!"

"Damn it! Any man outside Ireland!"

No one moved, and Rory began to bawl like a kid. "I ain't got a friend in the house," he said. "Not a man to stand up to me to ease my troubles."

Old Dinny hollered down, "You got me, Rory, me boy. Have a drink on it?"

It made it worse that Rory was rushing the new telephone operator. And an elegant job he was doing, considering it was his first time. Every evening he called around in a buggy and rode her around the Western Location, or out to Runkle

Lake, or maybe up to look at the Falls. And on Sundays he'd take her to church in a carriage, no less.

An elegant job she was doing, too. You'd think, to see her bobbing and nodding under her parasol beside Rory with the banded cigar under his mustache, that she'd never touched foot to ground except in the finest of shoe-leather.

About that time, the Livery Stable got in the prettiest horse ever seen in town. He was a stallion, not big, about fourteen hands high, with a skin like a wet nigger-baby's. And Rory, the fool, was so crazy eager to fog the girl's pretty head that he bought the horse.

Old Dinny was sitting in front of Gallivan's saloon when Rory drove the telephone operator up to Johnson's Department Store next door. When she came out of the store, that fool stallion made a sideways jump with his teeth skinned, and tried to get at her over the hitching rack.

Old Dinny went right at him. He wouldn't stand for anything meaner than he was. First lick he hit him square between the eyes with that blackthorn stick, and knocked him down.

With the wheels cramped, the buggy went over and put Rory Gaffney face first in the red iron-ore road.

Old Dinny was astraddle that stal-

lion's head, drumming with that big stick. Whether he got laughing at Rory, or whether he got too enthusiastic with his larruping, or whether the horse threw him off, nobody knows. But the stallion struck Old Dinny just once.

It isn't true that Rory Gaffney killed that stallion with a blow of his fist. He hit him with a beer keg from the pile in front of Gallivan's saloon. And then he was down on his knees in the red dust beside Old Dinny McGinty.

"Mr. McGinty!" he said. "Mr. McGinty, forgive me the things I said."

Old Dinny looked up at the telephone operator, for she practically had him on her lap. "A bad end, is it?" he said. "And me in the arms of this delightful creature?—which is more than you ever were, Rory Gaffney. Ye're lucky I'm dyin', else I'd seduce her away from ye."

And with that he reached around and gave her such a dirty pinch that she said, "Awwk!" and almost jumped him across the street.

Old Dinny said, "She's a hell of a lot prettier'n that other gurl ye're chasin', Rory Gaffney."

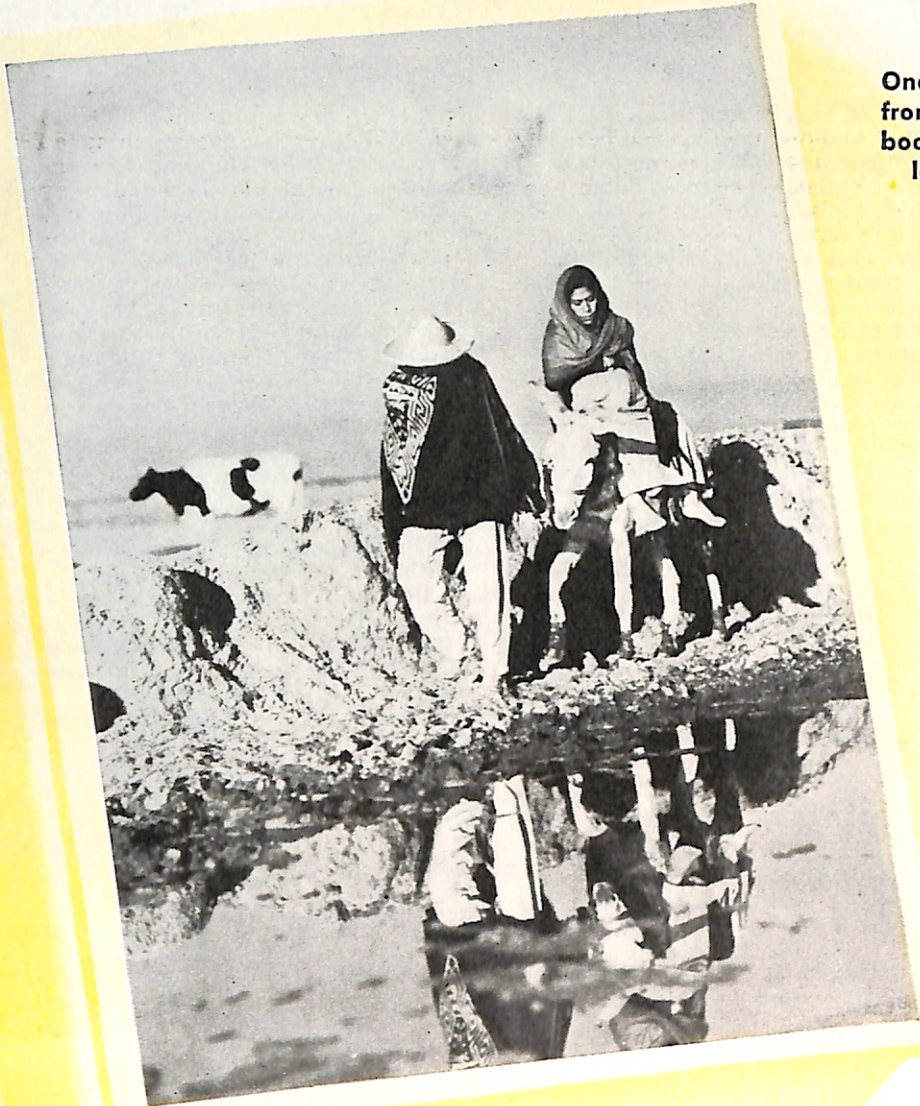
"For Pete's sake, Mr. McGinty," Rory said, "tell her quick that's a lie."

But Old Dinny chuckled once, flopped his head over, and died.

Illustrated by CHARLES R. CHICKERING

"Have a drink, Rory," Old Dinny hollered. And he poured a slug of good whiskey on Rory's head.





One of the graphic pictures from John Steinbeck's new book, "The Forgotten Village," a story of Mexico.

and the disappointment they feel because we did not help them resist the invader. Mrs. Harriman never was able to explain the uses of our Neutrality Act, for the Norwegians considered America so rich and powerful that it could easily have turned the tide.

"You must live in daily, deadly fear of losing your beautiful boats," she said to one of the great ship-owners, at a time when ships were being sunk by the Germans.

"A boat, oh yes, but that doesn't count," he replied. "It is the fine men who go down with her who matter."

Justice Brandeis had said to her, "Those Scandinavian countries are twenty five years ahead of us all." Mrs. Harriman learned how true this was when she saw the absence of slums and beggars in Norway. The social conscience of the people was always active—no one apologized for serious discussion, as in America, "for politics in Norway is primarily the contest of parties for the task of raising the standards of living".

"Silver foxes were once silver foxes to me, and nothing more," writes Mrs. Harriman, "but in Norway they became one more symbol of the way in which the northern countries solve their problems, by helping their people to help one another." The silver fox industry is co-operative farming and it has been most profitable to Norway. But the war threatens to ruin it, because there is not enough food for the animals. There are 20,000 fox farms in Norway, with 500,000 animals, yielding about \$10,000,000 in foreign trade a year. Their feeding keeps the price of fish stable. The development of this and other industries has helped to keep the Norwegian lads at home, instead of making them emigrate, as in other days. Mrs. Harriman believes that equality of opportunity must be extended around the world, to insure the well-being of all races and classes and thus give the world peace. (Lippincott, \$3.50)

JOHN STEINBECK, the California author, has many interests and talents. A few seasons ago his play, "Of Mice and Men", sent thrills down the spines of an enchanted public; then his novel, "The Grapes of Wrath", started a national controversy over the Okies of the Dust Bowl who headed for the coast in their jallopies. Then he studied fish and experimented with monkeys, and went to Mexico to make a film of village life. The result of his Mexican venture is spread before us in "The Forgotten Village", made up chiefly of 133 superb illustrations in photogravure. He wanted to show how disease cannot be cured as long as the natives depend on a wise woman with a snake skin and mumblings. He found congenial villages, speaking

(Continued on page 46)

WHAT AMERICA IS

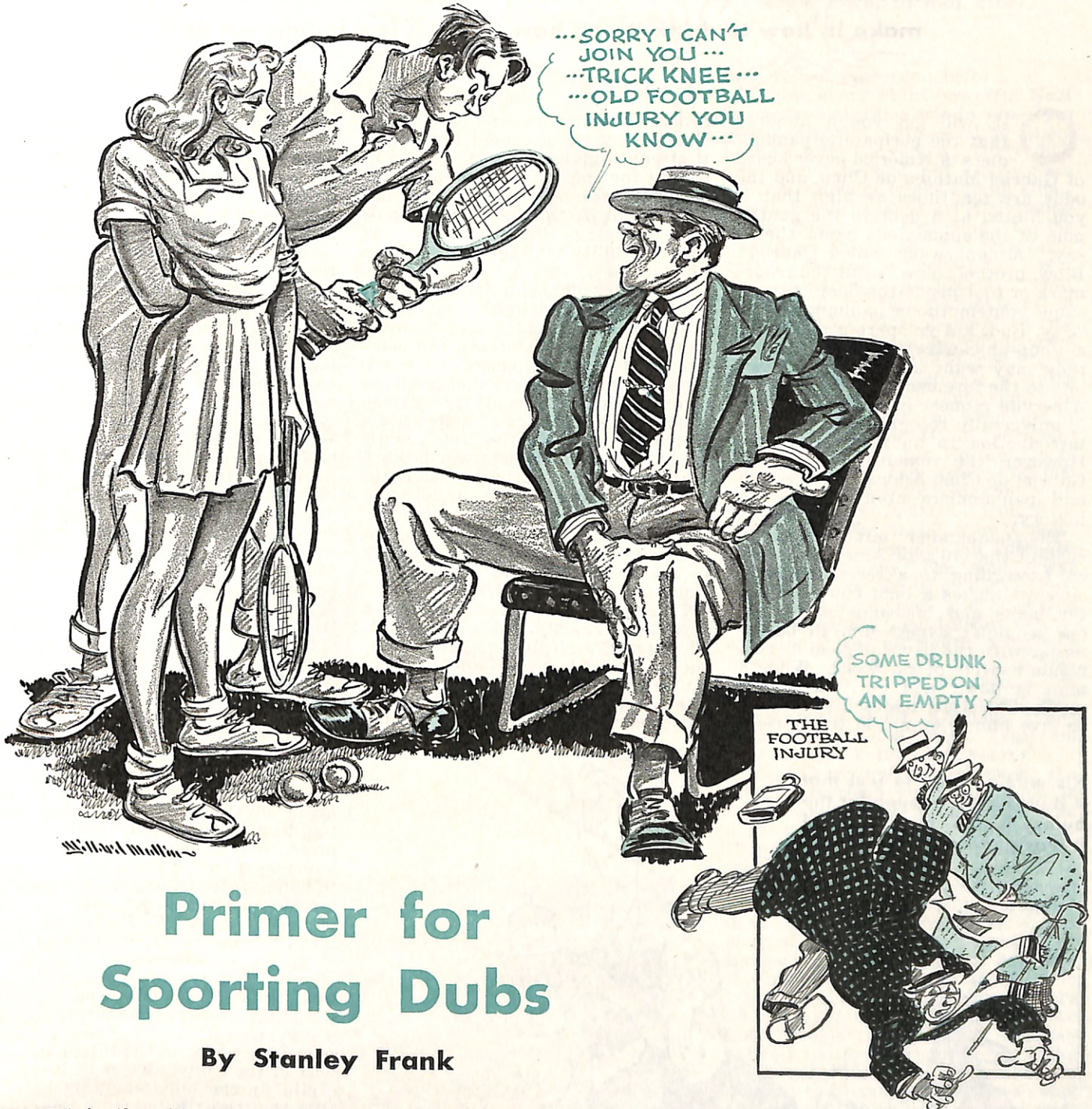
Reading

By Harry Hansen

IN THESE hard days abroad the representatives of the United States stand out for their firm and honest dealings with all nations. The record of Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, United States minister to Norway during the German invasion, is one of which America may well be proud. She has put her experience

into a book, "Mission to the North", and it is a delight to read her sympathetic interpretation of the democratic ways of the Norwegian people. Her book serves to clarify not only what we read in the dispatches when the Germans invaded Norway, but to explain the respect foreign nations have for the United States

Mr. Frank propounds a theory that with any sort of luck might shake the very foundations of our civilization.



Primer for Sporting Dubs

By Stanley Frank

THIS is the silly season, when gents long on memory and short of wind seek to recapture their lost youth. They thump themselves on the chest and, after they have stopped reeling, try to make a muscle. Extremely gratified when a vague lump, which might be a varicose vein, appears in the region of the biceps, they promptly are overcome by an idea which is a dandy in the lame-brained department. They decide to dedicate themselves to the good, clean life. They will become Athletes. No good can come of it.

In my own halting, feeble fashion, I will now attempt to do my bit in saving America—from itself. The

beautiful belief that proficiency in sports, the result of violent physical exercise, is the hallmark of vibrant manhood is part of a nefarious plot foisted upon the public by the arnica and old lacings people. If the physical culture hounds are permitted to spread their pernicious propaganda, the flower and chivalry of America will be reduced to morose hulks.

Athletics are for the very young, those who don't know better. Once a citizen has passed the age of consent, his duty to the state and society is to conserve his dwindling energy, if any, and pay taxes. The race, or the game, may not be to the young and the quick and the strong, but that's the place to look for the winner.

It is impossible, obviously, to squelch the delusions of athletic grandeur which rise in the American male with the summer sap. That is the nature of the beast. To refine or divert this insane instinct is one of the noblest handiworks of man. When this treatise has been translated into all languages, including good English, I confidently expect to be hailed as the savior of humanity, although that may not be a great distinction, considering the way humanity has been going recently.

The Frank Formula for Physickal Filberts is guaranteed to be quick, painless and effective. I offer my-

(Continued on page 44)

Mr. Harkins gives us the whys and wherefores of coffee, how to make it, how to drink it and how to get a few laughs out of it.

ONE will get you a hundred that the peripatetic panhandlers of America never heard of Gabriel Mathieu de Clieu, and the odds are ten times as high that if you hinted at a debt to the gentleman of the euphonious name, they'd say, "A pantywaist called Gabriel? Blow, brother, blow." But the trademark or foot-inside-the-door of those same contemptuous panhandlers is, "Say, Bud, kin ya spare a nickel for a cup-uh-cawfee?"—even though they may want anything from two bits to the fare back to Albuquerque. A servile request for a cup of coffee is universally recognized as the best introduction to an informal touch. However, the romantic exploits of Gabriel de Clieu belong to historians and panhandlers aren't strong on history.

The panhandler might strongly suspect that 40% of American women (according to a recent national survey) makes a bum cup of coffee for bums and husbands alike, but one wouldn't expect him to be familiar with the psychological or economic aspects of the word. When a man is down and out, his fellow man's Christian instinct should be to give him a leg-up, to transfuse a

sense of optimism and well-being. That's why the accepted first-aid is a strength-giving cup of coffee. In asking for coffee the panhandler intuitively uses smart psychology, implying that if stimulated by a cup of hot, steaming Brazilian brew, his natural ability will get him back on his feet.

It is very doubtful indeed if the panhandler would know that coffee is the most important link between North and South America, the hemisphere that is supposed to carry high the torch of peace and progress before a darkened world; that a river of two billion pounds of coffee flows annually between the two continents; that this river is worth more than half our purchases in Latin America; that coffee is produced in 14 of the 20 Latin American republics and that these coffee republics have the two-thirds vote necessary to take action on the defense provisions of the Act of Havana.

Three years ago, six of these coffee republics, Brazil, Colombia, Cuba, El Salvador, Nicaragua and Venezuela, formed the Pan-American Coffee Bureau. Critics thought it was a fine idea to have inter-American economic cooperation, but point-

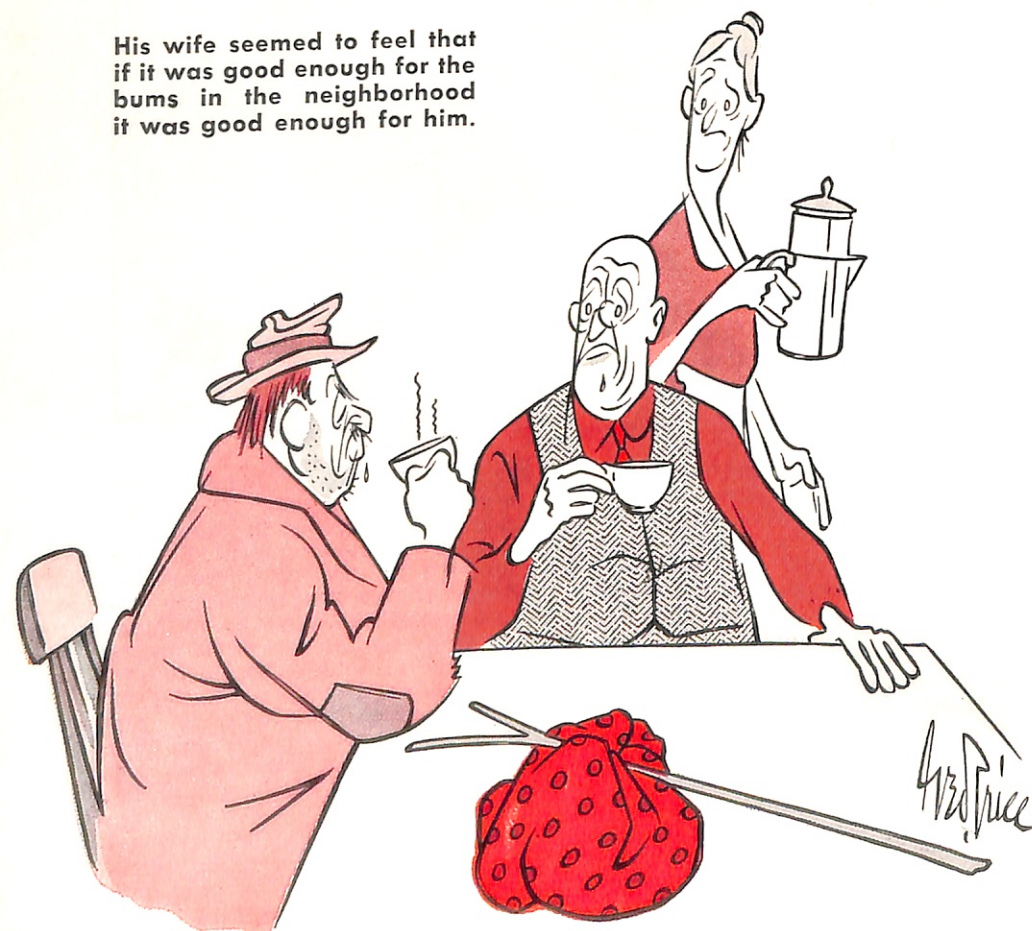
ed out that the six governments were all competitors and that negotiations would have to be carried on in three different languages: Spanish, English and Portuguese. They were quite surprised when the experiment succeeded and the amount of coffee consumed in this country in 1939 rose to an all-time high of 15.4 pounds for every man, woman and child.

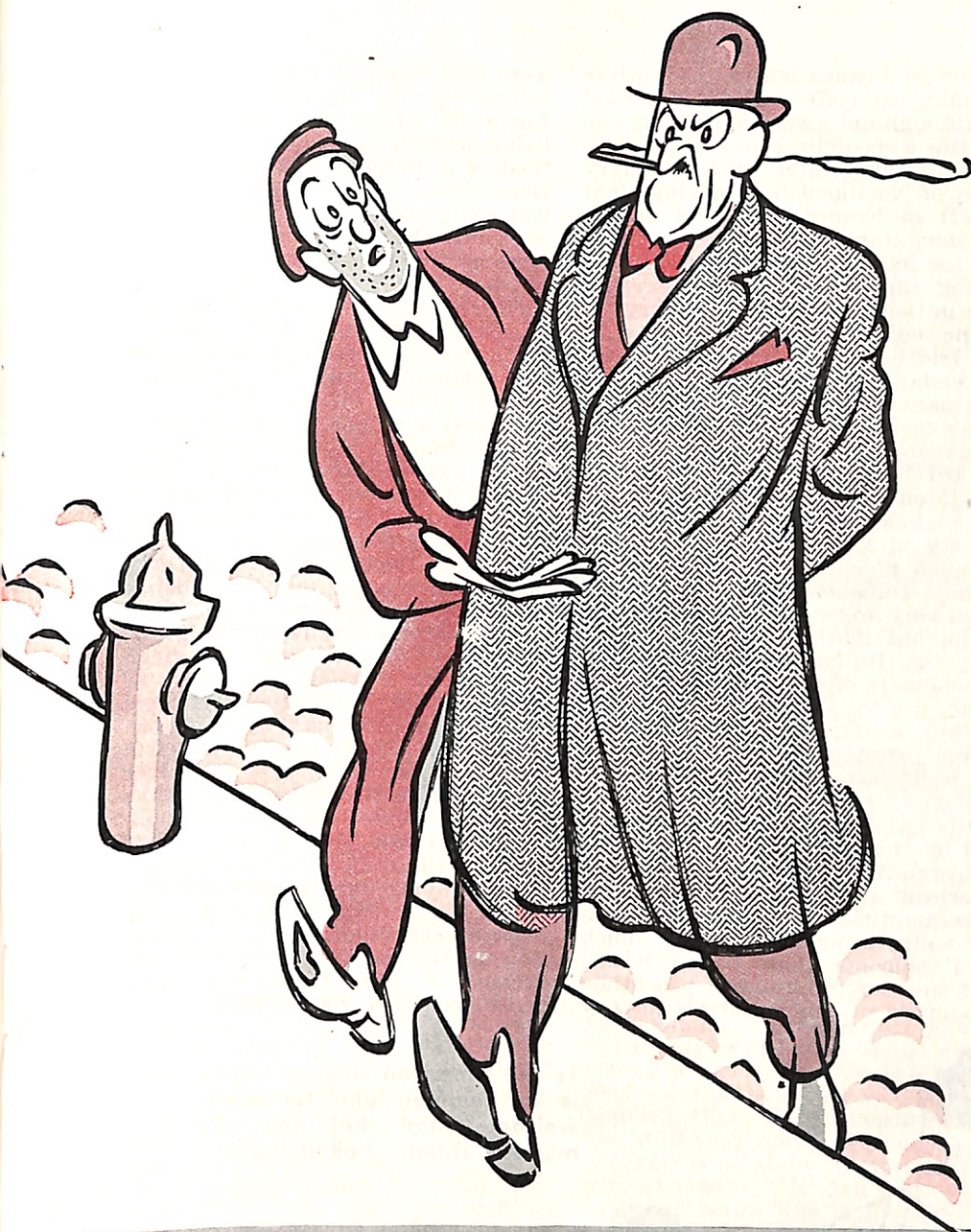
Coffee, this indispensable eye-opener that we rely on every morning, is the key commodity to the economic vault owned, but not too well exploited, by North and South America. A superficial glance at Western Hemisphere economics might pose this question, "If we do so well with coffee, why can't we have the same brisk trade in other products?" Right there must be inserted a little matter of standards of living. There are about 130,000,000 people in the United States with the potent annual income of 70 billion dollars. The Latin American countries have a population of 120,000,000, almost as large as ours, but their annual income is only 15 billion dollars. In other words, our neighbors to the south can buy just so much of our products. Beyond a certain point, the scales of import-export are so cockeyed that our American goods cannot be sold in South America—they'd have to be given away. Without wading out too deep in the muddy pool that is present-day economics, one gets the impression that we're going to have to build up South America's national income so that it can absorb more of our exports. W. F. Williamson, former business expert of the Department of Commerce, says that "Capital, wisely and carefully placed in Latin America now would profit the entire Western Hemisphere for many generations to come. It was such investment in the infant industries of the United States by English capital in the hundred years before 1914 that contributed more than ties of blood and language to our supporting the Allied cause in the last war."

When coffee sales are good, prosperity reigns in the whole central area of the Western Hemisphere. When coffee sales droop, prosperity vanishes and with it vanish markets for our own products, farm machinery, motion pictures, ships, shoes and sealing wax, industries that mean the livelihood of hundreds of thousands of Americans. International trade is a tight-rope act—if it isn't balanced nicely, the act collapses.

For thousands of years, coffee has played a dramatic role in the lives of nations. Today, that role is fatter

His wife seemed to feel that if it was good enough for the bums in the neighborhood it was good enough for him.





In the space of a single week one clod has asked me for a cup of cawffee and the fare back to his home town, in that order.

than it has ever been before.

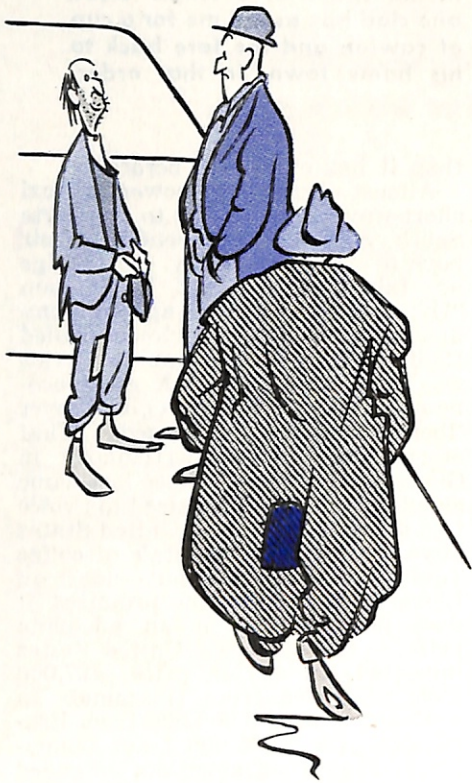
Almost every night powerful Nazi short-wave stations try to proselyte South America into sending their boys to Axis University. Dirty digs are taken at good old Uncle Sam "U". A couple of weeks ago an alumnus in Berlin called Carlos signalled Radio Bogota in Colombia. Carlos was in a dark mood. "A great economic storm is sweeping over 'Tbero-America'," he hissed. "That storm will be felt particularly in Guatemala." Carlos, whose last name should be Cassandra, raised his voice to a screech, "Yah, the United States buys some 300,000 quintals of coffee (quintal: 100 lbs.) but—ach! du Lieberwitz! despite fine promizes, it does not pay for it an adequate prize!" (In 1939 the United States imported, at a fair price, 427,000 bags of coffee from Guatemala in contrast to over 9,000,000 from Brazil and over 3,000,000 from Colombia.) Carlos assumed an offended tone. "Chermany," he said, "was Colombia's second-best coffee customer before the war and once this war is over, the New Europe will be a customer for all South America's products." (The two large coffee-consuming countries of Europe before the war were France and Germany with about 3,000,000 bags each. The United States imported over 15,000,000 bags last year.)

But Germany's rage over the South American coffee situation is understandable. Germany has been a great coffee-drinking country, although its domineering Prussian element at one time tried to keep coffee all to itself, as the Nazi-Prussian ruling clique is probably doing today. In 1777 Frederick the Great snorted, "It is disgusting to note the increase in coffee drinking. My people must drink beer. Battles have been fought and won by soldiers nourished on beer." As the rich were not "people", they were allowed coffee-roasting licenses. In the Duchy of Westphalia the minimum amount that could be purchased was fifty pounds; no poor, or even middle-class Germans could afford to buy that much coffee. They had to fall back on the ersatz coffee which they are undoubtedly drinking in this war, unpalatable stuff made of barley, wheat, chicory and even dried figs.

Coffee, the drink that we take for granted, is nectar to the ill-nourished people of Europe. One curious and interesting result of the increasingly heavy R.A.F. raids over Germany is the Nazi decree which stipulates that in areas bombed by the "English barbarians", harried survivors may have 75 grams of real coffee every four weeks, instead of the 50 grams rationed to sections where high explosives do not fall.

"a Cup of Coffee Bud"

By Philip Harkins



In disorganized, pathetic France, coffee sold to citizens with ration cards can contain no more than one-third coffee bean. Two-thirds must be substitutes, probably the same things used in Germany. But, incredible as it may seem, there is a

region in France where the natives actually eat coffee, which is a food—although not a very appetizing one—with a protein content of 15%. Perhaps this winter, with a hungry army of Nazi locusts attacking what is left in France's depleted larder, the inhabitants of the Isle de Groix off the coast of Brittany will be among the most fortunate Frenchmen in their unfortunate country.

The coffee-eating inhabitants of the Isle de Groix are gastrological descendants of savage African tribes who used to prepare for head-hunting expeditions by rolling coffee beans and grease into the size of billiard balls. One coffee ball was a painted warrior's food ration for a day's fighting; if he could scrounge a tasty bit of enemy into the bargain, so much the better for him. These coffee-concentrate billiard balls were extensively used by the Ethiopians in their one-sided scrap with the Italians. They were the fore-runners of the Nazi "pep pills". Their use by African savages is another example of the beneficial animal instincts of savages who, in the past, have often unconsciously employed herbs and barks, later officially hailed and classified as panaceas by the medical profession.

Savage African armies eat coffee; American armies drink it in enormous quantities. To an American soldier coffee is as common but much more welcome than baked beans. Last summer the greatest peacetime maneuvers in this country's history

were held in upper New York State. Following the example of Hitler's Luftwaffe which showered demoralizing leaflets on panic-stricken defenders in Belgium and Holland, the Black Force in this American mock war composed and sprayed this message over the "enemy": "To the soldiers of the Blue Force: You know by now that a force which is superior, not in numbers, but in ability, is confronting you. Our airplanes are poised to demolish your supplies and communications, and after that—no more hot coffee."

Almost a million pounds of coffee were consumed by the 310,000 men taking part in the maneuvers. Each soldier was rationed two ounces of coffee a day. The per capita consumption of the armed forces is almost twice that of the civilian population and this gap will be widened in geometric proportion to the number of draftees enrolled in the growing army. The average American civilian drinks about three cups of coffee a day, but the soldier gets "seconds" and scorns the demi-tasse. In the Navy, interiors are kept warm against the icy waves that slash over the decks, with a generous coffee ration of twelve cups a day.

(The British Navy guzzles tea, is rationed rum. An American reporter accompanying our over-age destroyers to England was delighted to see bags of coffee aboard. His delight was short-lived; the British cook's version of coffee tasted like burnt pea soup with a dash of bitters.)

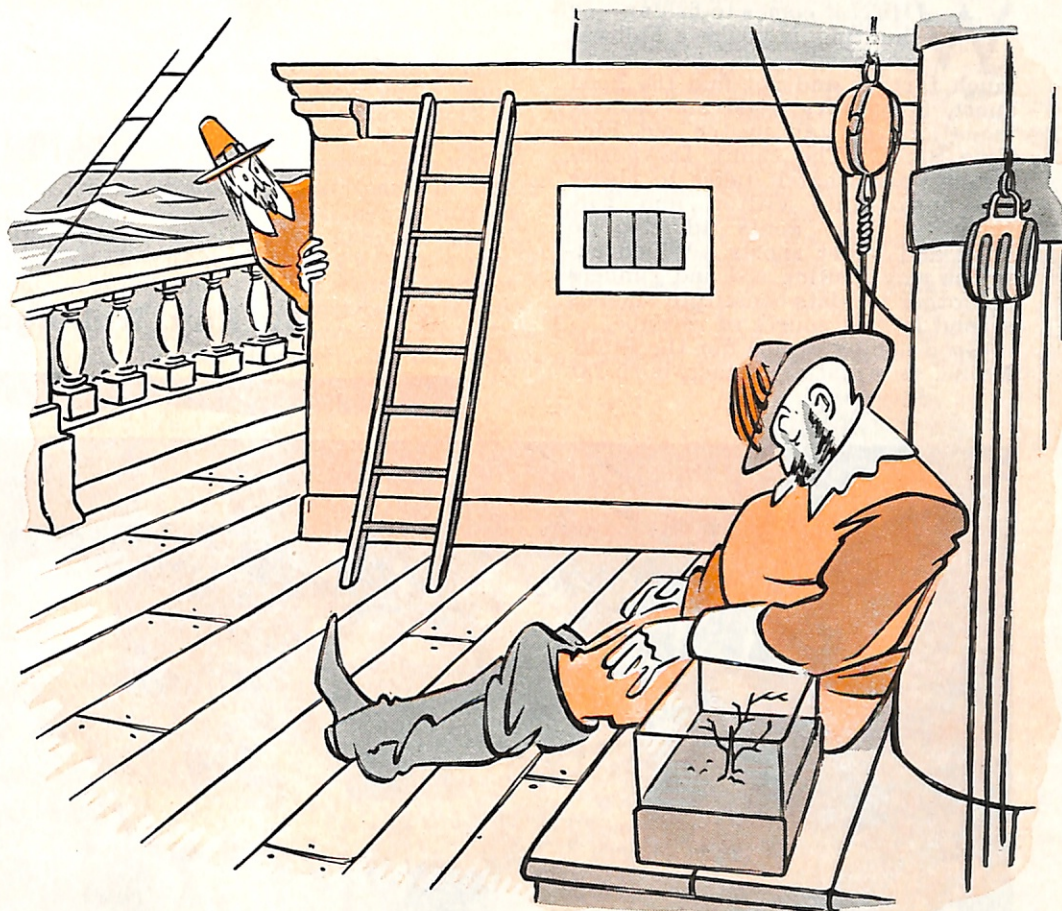
To the American soldier, coffee is as common and far more welcome than that age old military ration, baked beans.



Recently an official of the War Department listed coffee as one of the products vital to American military success. The official pointed out that if our coffee supply line between here and South America were broken, it would be highly dangerous to national morale in both the armed forces and the civilian population. Thus, in one respect, our coffee canal from Latin to North America enters into the Grand Strategy of Western Hemisphere defense. For more than 97% of the two billion pounds of coffee consumed here annually comes from Latin America and the greater share of this from Brazil and Colombia.

In the coffee world, America is like a giant swigging out of a bottle while other countries sip from a saucer. But quantity rarely means quality. According to the survey, which carefully sampled the population in the four corners of the land, 40% of American housewives assassinate coffee. The trouble is they don't use enough. Yet the amount termed adequate by experts is not excessive; it consists of a full, round tablespoon for each cup to be brewed. But 40% of American housewives use a scant or flat tablespoon of coffee grounds and the result is a wan, watery cup of coffee. Ten percent of these American women use a teaspoon, while an amazingly ignorant 6% use a dessert spoon as a measure. Just for the record, the survey also showed that 82% of all American men and women over 16 drink coffee and that delicious summer drink, iced coffee, has been almost completely overlooked in the South, Middle and Far West, being classified as an "upper class drink of the Northeastern areas."

Why isn't there more good coffee made in this country? Why is it that so many men sing the praises of coffee they get in certain restaurants and tactfully avoid mention of the coffee they get at home? Housewives can derive some comfort from the fact that there are two kinds of roast, "restaurant" and "city" roast. The "restaurant roast" is a little higher, blacker. That accounts for some of the difference in taste. Furthermore, certain restaurants and hotels have smooth, private blends. An expensive hotel may mix a little real Mocha from Arabia, shipped around the Cape of Good Hope, a little Java from the Dutch East Indies and some Bourbon Santos from Brazil. It might be pure Colombia or it might contain some of the expensive Kona coffee from Hawaii. But these fancy blends are for connoisseurs. The fact remains that the average housewife can go to a chain store today and buy cheaply the ingredients for a fine cup of coffee. But too often that fine cup is not



The treasure was carried in a glass box, and De Clieu, lulled by the motion of the ship, dozed off—but even then there was sabotage.

forthcoming; the beans are handled in a way that saps their aroma, strength and flavor. In the survey, 88% of the housewives questioned claimed that their husbands liked the stuff they made, although a significant percentage tempered their remarks with "He don't complain" or "He'd better like it or else!"

Is that the kind of attitude to take in this time of crisis? Aren't we all supposed to pull together? Remember that good coffee is a cornerstone of national unity. The coffee they get in certain restaurants and hotels has shown American husbands that it can be done; when they find out that good coffee is as cheap now as it ever was, that there is really no excuse for poor coffee, there may be the devil to pay. In the interests of national unity I hereby offer a few helpful hints for good coffee-making:

In the first place, use enough of it—a full, round tablespoonful for each cup to be brewed. Don't boil coffee and don't reheat it and keep your brewing utensils clean. Experts agree that a drip coffee-pot makes the best coffee and that china, glass or porcelain doesn't affect coffee as metal does. Experiments at M.I.T. showed that coffee brewed in metal gave a "metallic" or "astringent" taste because of the compound of an organic substance, caffeine with the aluminum, copper or nickel. The experiments confirmed the theory that freshly roasted and freshly ground coffee was necessary

for a really good cup. Said the report: "Pour your freshly boiling water only once through the grind. Machines that pump hot water through time after time are to be avoided." Here's another suggestion: Keep your coffee in the refrigerator; it will keep fresh longer because the cold slows down the oxidation which dries up the aromatic oils.

Chemical analyses have also shown that caffeine is one of the two non-habit-forming drugs. The other—hold your hats—is marihuana. Few mothers let their children drink coffee, but those same mothers who would be shocked if you gave their children a cup, think nothing of giving them a bar of chocolate which contains an equal amount of caffeine.

Recently a housewife told me that she made her coffee in one of those electric, glass devices with upper and lower compartments. "It's the latest thing," she said proudly. Not wanting to deflate her pride, I didn't tell her that it was the latest thing in France about 100 years ago, where it was known as a "double glass balloon". This glass device is widely used today in restaurants and drug stores. The public likes to see the coffee vacuumed through the glass,

(Continued on page 42)

WHEN it comes to fishing—or hunting, if you're a Fall vacationist—you can travel much farther and not find the good sport, hospitality, food and accommodations on tap in the old Pine Tree State. The canny Downeast-ers have what it takes to please the out-of-state visitor, and particularly those gents addicted to hook and bullet sports. Which explains why visiting rod and gunners and other tourists constitute Maine's second largest source of revenue.

Good fishing camps dot the State. Maine, as a matter of fact, is so far

Rod AND Gun

By Ray Trullinger



Maine Development Commission

ahead of other recreational areas in this respect that it's practically in a class by itself. City sportsmen are given a load of Park Avenue comfort wrapped up in a backwoods setting, and do the hairy-chested, big-town frontiersmen go for it!

Another angle is that sporting camp owners hire cooks, and not dieticians. There's a difference.

What's more, Maine boasts one of the most efficient fish and game departments in the country, headed by Commissioner George Stobie, and a warden service other states might well emulate. These lads are all fishing and shooting nuts themselves; know their respective districts like a book and are out to see that you get what you come for. If Lady Luck hasn't been smiling on your piscatorial efforts, they'll invariably make suggestions which will win a nod from that fickle jade. Time permitting, they'll even act as guide.

There's no great mystery why

Mr. Trullinger takes us on a round-robin tour of the Pine Tree State and passes out some mighty fine tips.

Maine's countless lakes, streams and ponds continue to produce top-hole sport, year after year, and on a gradually increasing scale. The answer is 14 hatcheries and 23 rearing stations spotted throughout the State, plus a long range stocking program which not only offsets the annual angling inroad, but keeps well ahead of it. There actually are more game fish in Maine's waters today than a century ago. Take, as an example of smart propagation, that prized gamester, the landlocked salmon.

Years ago that spotted, streamlined battler was found in only a few lakes. Happily, however, far-sighted propagation and distribution has so broadened the fish's habitat that now this smaller fresh water cousin of *Salmo Salar* can be caught

from one end of the State to the other.

Most eastern sportsmen consider the landlock the greatest game fish inhabiting inland waters, and this observer is inclined to agree. It puts up a sustained, spectacular fight, frequently breaking water in wild leaps reminiscent of a hooked grilse, rainbow or steelhead.

Up in the Rangeley lakes section they tell an amusing yarn about Herb Welch, flycaster extraordinary and one of the best-known fishermen in the East. Years ago Herb was fishing Kennebago Stream and raised a big salmon. The fish was so large Herb determined to hook it, if it took him a week. It was early morning when he first spotted the monster, and at noon he was still trying. A bit later he sent the guide

(Continued on page 48)

Don't Buy a Pup in a Poke

BORDERING the western edge of New York City is Riverside Drive, perhaps one of the most famous big-city boulevards in the world and certainly one of the most beautiful. For those who haven't seen it, here's the lay of the land: it overlooks the Hudson River, on the far side of which tower the Jersey Palisades, which along about sun-down become a misty violet that deepens into a rich purple as the day ends. The Father of Our Country may have tossed a dollar's worth of hard money across the Potomac, but we'll lay plenty of 10 to 1 that nobody's going to treat the Hudson that way—at least not south of Albany. Along the length of the Drive the River is about a mile or more wide, and having fallen into it when a youngster, we assure you it's even deeper than that. There was a time when the Drive broke even with

prised at the number of dogs in such a congested area. Now you'd think that most of these pooches would be pocket-size or at least of a build suited to the small apartments which predominate in that part of the City. Not so. You'll see a raft of canine giants being chaperoned. It strikes us that sharing a three-room-and-kitchenette with a great Dane or German shepherd must be something like living with a horse. Granted, it's none of our business if there are

The apartment house dweller who buys a pure-bred pup from a kennel can't plead ignorance of the adult size of the dog. He or she will see matured dogs there. Those who acquire just a plain dog of course have no way of knowing how big it will be when it's ready to put on long pants which reminds us of the first dog we adopted. At the time, we rated the man who gave us the puppy only a little less liberal than Santa Claus. There was a flurry of parental opposition when we brought the dog home which was only overcome by our solemn assurance that when full

Your DOG

By Ed Faust



Photo by Ewing Galloway

Fifth Avenue as a home hang-out for the guys and gals who were in the Social Register. Today most of these have made the trek east to Park Avenue, thus inspiring a wave of pent-house plots in the movies, and a flock of moderately priced apartment houses along the Drive.

Living in the suburbs we every so often get a lift into the City via that Highway and are always mildly sur-

some folks who love Fido that much, but we're thinking of the happiness of those dogs. To confine dogs of this sort as well as the sporting dogs—barring one or two of the spaniels—to such cramped quarters is a tough break for them. This goes for the hounds as well, with the possible exception of the beagle, although he too is an outdoorsman and should have plenty of room.

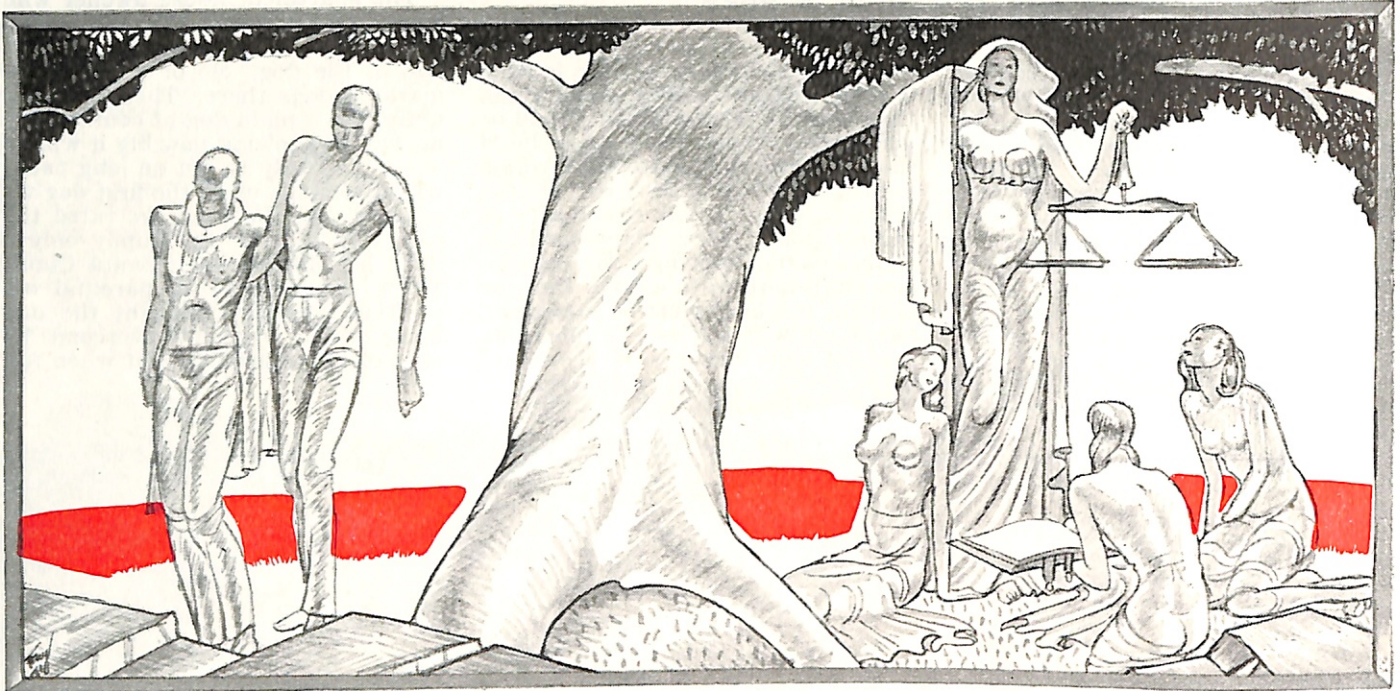
grown it would be just a little dog. In our kitchen was a high-legged cook-stove and when that pup could no longer fit under it, we knew he was going to be a big dog. Full grown he was almost as big as the stove itself but by that time he was accepted as a member of the family.

More often than not, where sentiment prevails, common sense flies out of the window and when it comes to the business of getting a dog this goes double for some people. Now there never lived a puppy that didn't know how to ingratiate itself with most grown-ups and nearly all children. But no matter how cute the little cuss is you'd best go slow before you bring him or her into your home.

If you've made up your mind to get a dog you'll probably get more unsolicited advice than a June bride—mostly from one-dog owners of limited experience with our four-legged friend. Having owned dogs, exhibited, bred and sold them, ever since Hector was a pup, we can pass along the fruits of this experience to those who just must get a dog.

Suppose we go along with you when it comes time to pick the pup? All right, let's go. If you just want a dog—any kind of dog, then it doesn't make a darned bit of difference what kind you get, provided, when full grown it will be of a size suited to your living quarters. But the hitch here is, if you are going to adopt a mixed-breed, as we've said,

(Continued on page 54)



Drawing by Clark Fay

Editorial

A Ticket To Philadelphia, Please

THERE yet remains sufficient time in which to pack your grip for the Philadelphia session of the Grand Lodge. If you have read the convention program on page eight of our June issue, you are more than ever pleased that you have decided to attend. If you have not read it, we suggest that you do so at once and any doubt in your mind will be dispelled and you will hasten to pack for the trip.

The week is filled with entertainment from which you may choose that which most appeals to you and which you may enjoy without interfering with your attendance on the sessions of the Grand Lodge. From an educational standpoint, every American citizen should visit the City of Brotherly Love. It is one of our oldest and, historically, one of our most interesting cities. By going there for the week of July 13th, you will be privileged to visit the many points of interest under the most favorable auspices.

William J. Jernick, Executive Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, has just issued the rules and regulations by which the various contests are to be judged for the awarding of prizes, including also a list of the prizes. Copies may be obtained by addressing the Philadelphia Elks Convention Corporation, 1320 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Year of Progress

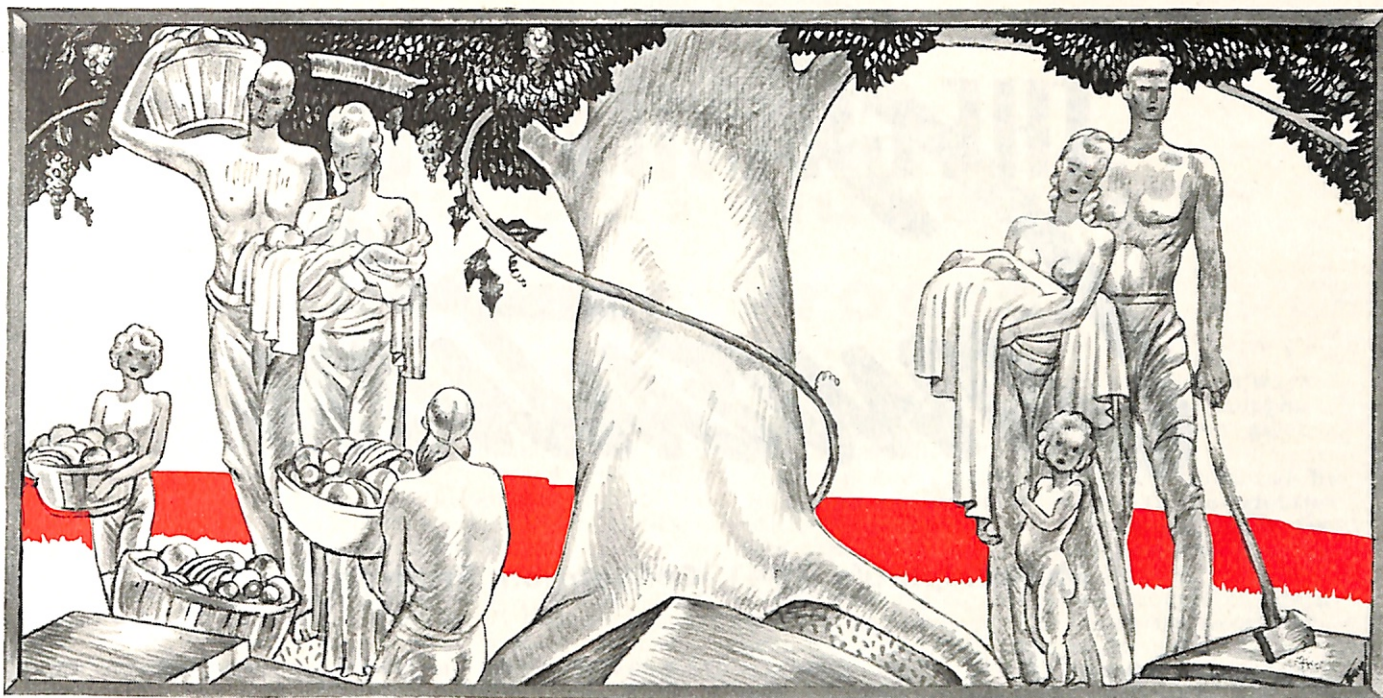
BEFORE the next issue of your Magazine, Joseph G. Buch's term as Grand Exalted Ruler will have terminated and with it one of the most appealing and progressive years in the history of our Order. No Grand Exalted Ruler has

devoted more time or given more intelligent attention to building the Order on a broad, comprehensive and lasting foundation.

He has worked to bring to the consideration of our members many facts and figures in concrete and readily understandable tables and comparisons which, if studied and applied, will result in improvement. No Grand Exalted Ruler has given the time necessary to such a complete analysis of affairs which are of transcendent importance to all those who are striving to build the Order for a broader usefulness in the communities where we have lodges and in the Nation as a whole. The tables, which he has prepared with meticulous care, should be carefully preserved as they will be useful for many years to come and constitute forms which, it is hoped, will be adopted by his successors in office to keep us informed as to what is being accomplished and guide the way to achieving yet greater things in the years to come.

Important as it is, this was only one phase of his work. He has, in general terms, visited the entire Order by appearing before meetings of District Deputies, many lodges, State Associations and on public occasions held under the auspices of the Order. Everywhere he has been enthusiastically received and has impressed all with his sincerity, his devotion to the principles on which our Order is founded and with his loyalty and patriotism. He is a forceful and convincing orator and has carried the gospel of Elksdom not only to Elks but to all those who have been privileged to hear him. He found the Order in good shape but he leaves it in better condition, with many new members who will carry on in the future. Until the close of his term of office, it is impossible to state definitely how many new members were added during the year but apparently it will amount to ten thousand, probably more. The net gain is in excess of that which the Order has enjoyed in several years.

Appreciative of all he has accomplished, in a very few days we must regretfully say goodbye to him as our Chief Executive but will welcome him into the ranks of our Past Grand Exalted Rulers, where we know he will continue to



uphold the principles which he has so splendidly and effectively championed during his tenure of office. The members will not forget his smiling countenance and the warmth of his handshake which carried with it inspiration to dare and to do.

Our kindest regards and best wishes will follow him as he returns to the duties of his active and useful life.

Private Character of Clubs

THE desire of our Order to be of assistance to our government in these days of anxiety and uncertainty was only to be expected. There is now no turning back from whatever lies ahead of us in accomplishing that which has been undertaken. The danger may be in going too far, and this must be carefully avoided.

It has been stated that subordinate lodges located near cantonments where our soldiers are in training are planning to open the doors of their clubs to all officers and men there quartered, thus making them welcome and affording them attractive quarters as a place of assembly and recreation. The thought is creditable, but cannot be carried into execution without destroying the character of our clubs as private institutions. The Grand Exalted Ruler, after conference with the Board of Grand Trustees, has filed a petition to have all subordinate lodges held exempt from the payment of income taxes. If this petition should be granted, the representations necessarily made by him that Elks clubs are strictly private institutions and open only to members of the Order and their invited guests would be proven incorrect and the petition would necessarily be denied, or, if originally granted, would be set aside. The granting of the petition will be of great financial advantage to the Order.

In every encampment Elks will be found and an invitation to them to frequent the clubs would be in order and in keeping with the manner in which our clubs should be and always have been conducted. But, of course, they do not need an invitation as every Elks club is open to all members of the

Order in good standing. The courtesies of the club may be extended to others only if they are the guest of some member, but this cannot be done wholesale. Perhaps the best way to handle the situation would be to require a member to give his guest an invitation by card which should be taken up when presented or when the time limit has expired.

There is another matter indicating the desire of lodges to be of assistance to draftees and volunteers. Many lodges have adopted resolutions authorizing the issuance of paid-up cards to all members who are enlisted in the military service of the United States for and during the period of the present declared emergency. Similar action was taken during the World War and is to be commended in the present situation.

Different Things Appeal

FROM the pen of Jere J. Sullivan, Exalted Ruler of Los Angeles Lodge, we quote the following from a recent article written in answer to the question, "Why are you an Elk?" After referring to the many things which appeal to us as members of a great fraternity, not all of which appeal to us in the same way and with the same force, he says:

"It reminds me of a tree. To the artist, a tree is form; to the woodcutter, it is fuel; to the pilgrim the tree is shelter; to the musician, the rustle of its leaves is music; to the golfer, it is a hazard; to the farmer, its fruit is life; to the little squirrel that lives in its hollow trunk, it is protection; to the physician, its bark is healing; to the carpenter, it is walls and roof.

"And so it is with Elkdom. The value of this great Brotherhood is in countless things. We, as Elks, may take pride in our beautiful Temple as a tribute to progress, enjoy its social and fraternal facilities, but we will take greater pride in the fact that it is the substance that houses the spirit, a noble structure dedicated to the alleviation of suffering—CHARITY; a guide to the weary traveler over the rough highway of life—BROTHERHOOD, and a monument to true Americanism—PATRIOTISM."

THE GRAND LODGE Convention

Philadelphia's 1941 Convention Program

Saturday, July 12

Reception. Arrival of Grand Lodge Officers, delegates, members and ladies. Official guard of honor will provide escort to hotels. Convention Corporation Band will furnish the music and band concerts.

Registration. Grand Lodge Members and delegates at headquarters hotel—The Bellevue-Stratford. Members and their ladies will register at Elks Club—1320 Arch Street.

Dance and Open House—Elks and their ladies at Elks Club.

Sunday, July 13

Churches. Special Elks Services.

Sightseeing Tours. Escorted tours will be made to Independence Hall, Carpenter's Hall, Betsy Ross House, Christ Church, and many other points of historical interest in the center of Philadelphia—tours will also be available to Valley Forge and Longwood Gardens.

Boat Trips. Special boat trips will be available for delightful trip down the historic Delaware—past Philadelphia Navy Yard and the "arsenal of America".

Golfing. For those who desire it.

Swimming. Your choice of many opportunities.

Dancing and open house at the Elks Club.

Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Committeemen, Past Grand Exalted Rulers and District Deputies—and their ladies—will dine and dance at the "Farm" of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow.

Monday, July 14

Trapshooting. Traps open for practice.

Golf. First qualifying match.

10:00 A.M. Ritualistic Contest in lodge room of Elks Club.

Sightseeing Tours will continue; specially escorted tours from all central city hotels and from Elks Club.

Open House. All day and night at Elks Club.

Registration continues. Bellevue-Stratford Hotel for Delegates—Elks Club for Elks and their ladies.

Boat Trips. Special boat trips available.

Swimming. Many parties will be arranged.

8:00 P.M. Opening ceremonies at Independence Hall. National Broadcasting of ceremonies which are open to the public. All Elks and ladies to be guests of Grand Lodge. Special patriotic extravaganza.

Dancing and receptions in all night clubs in central city—special "movie" entertainment.

Open House at Elks Club and every fraternal club house in central city. Entertainment and dancing.

Tuesday, July 15

10:00 A.M. Regular Grand Lodge Sessions commence. Election of officers.

10:00 A.M. Elks National Trapshooting Contest. Competition for the Beautiful Calvert Perpetual Trophy.

10:00 A.M. Continuation of Ritualistic Contest.

Registration Continues.

Sightseeing Tours. Available morning and afternoon.

12:30 P.M. Lunch given by newly-elected Grand Exalted Ruler to delegates.

12:30 P.M. Lunch by Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch for the District Deputies.

1:30 P.M. Second qualifying round in Golf Tournament.

2:00 P.M. Special Grand Lodge Session.

Swimming. Special "splash parties".

6:00 P.M. State Association Dinners.

8:30 P.M. Special boat trip. All delegates and ladies are the guests of Philadelphia Convention Corporation on "Show Boat" cruise down the Delaware. Open-air movies, dancing, floor show and entertainment—refreshments and surprises.

Open House at all central city clubs.

Dancing and entertainment at Elks Club.

Wednesday, July 16

10:00 A.M. Ritualistic Contest continues.

10:00 A.M. Regular Sessions of Grand Lodge continue.

11:00 A.M. Drill Corps Contests.

1:00 P.M. Band Contests.

Registration continues for delegates, Elks and their ladies. **Glee Club Contest.** Two groups (a) large groups; (b) quartettes, etc.

1:30 P.M. Playoff of Golf Tournament. Many prizes, including the John J. Doyle \$2,000 Perpetual Trophy.

Sightseeing. Tours still available.

2:00 P.M. Gorgeous first Fall releases from Fashion Center at Strawbridge & Clothier Store at 8th & Market Streets.

2:30 P.M. Baseball game. National League game between Chicago Cubs and "Phillies".

7:00 P.M. Water Carnival and Pageant on the banks of the Schuylkill. Most unique demonstration of its kind—staged by the Schuylkill Navy. All Elks and their families will be guests of the City of Philadelphia. Brilliant fireworks displays—Colorful and amazing feats with boats of all kinds and descriptions—An aquatic spectacle magnificently staged.

Dancing, open house and reception at Elks Club—entertainment—floor show.

Thursday, July 17

10:00 A.M. Final Session of Grand Lodge Reunion.

Registration continues.

Sightseeing Tours available all morning.

Boat Trips. Special trips available down Delaware—swimming and shore parties.

12:30 P.M. Installation of new Grand Lodge Officers.

Open house and reception at Elks Club.

Dancing and entertainment at all central city clubs—special movie entertainment.

7:30 P.M. Parade. Patriotic night parade—"Defending America"—electrical display with state floats—units of famous Philadelphia Mimmers—Army, Navy and Marine Corps detachments and bands—historical pageant by New Jersey State Association—"Gone with the Wind" motif by Georgia State delegation—"United We Stand" spectacle staged by the Elks of America.

Tours to nearby resorts arranged for weekend.

NOTE—For information and reservations and entry in contests and parade write, telegraph or call Philadelphia Elks 1941 Convention Corporation—1320 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Penna.



The Elks National Defense Program

THE Elks National Defense Commission is happy to report that more than 400,000 students competed in the patriotic essay contest. According to present plans, the national winners will be given their awards of \$1000, \$500 and \$250 at Philadelphia the opening night of the Convention in Independence Hall where the Declaration of Independence was signed.

In commenting on the nation-wide interest in the contest, a leading columnist, writing under the title of "The Listening Post", had this to say:

"The Elks, long known for their patriotic service to the Nation, saw a need for interesting the youngsters in patriotic matters, and so the school children were invited to write essays on the subject, 'What Uncle Sam Means to Me'. That is a provocative title. It causes even an adult to think. In these days, when the fate of the American Republic is at stake, when our way of life is seriously menaced by overwhelming and sinister forces, it will pay all of us to sit down at times and seriously consider what the United States means to us.

"To me there is something hopeful and heartening in the thought and the picture of thousands of school boys and girls writing down their own sentiments on what Uncle Sam means to them. Perhaps many of the essays will not be well written, for children of high school age are not presumed to know a great deal about writing. They do have one characteristic, however, which many adults do not have. They have the ability to really put their soul and heart into their thoughts at times, and I imagine that the person who reads these varied essays will be in for many thrills as he reads through the essays. Naturally some will be similar, not many will be good, but all over the United States, as thousands of children concentrate on this task there may be some thoughts developed which will bear fruit in days to come.

"Yes, I think the Elks are to be congratulated on the splendid idea. It cannot fail to

do good in the long run. Action always comes from concentrated and united thought, and thousands of youngsters have given their best thought to this subject."

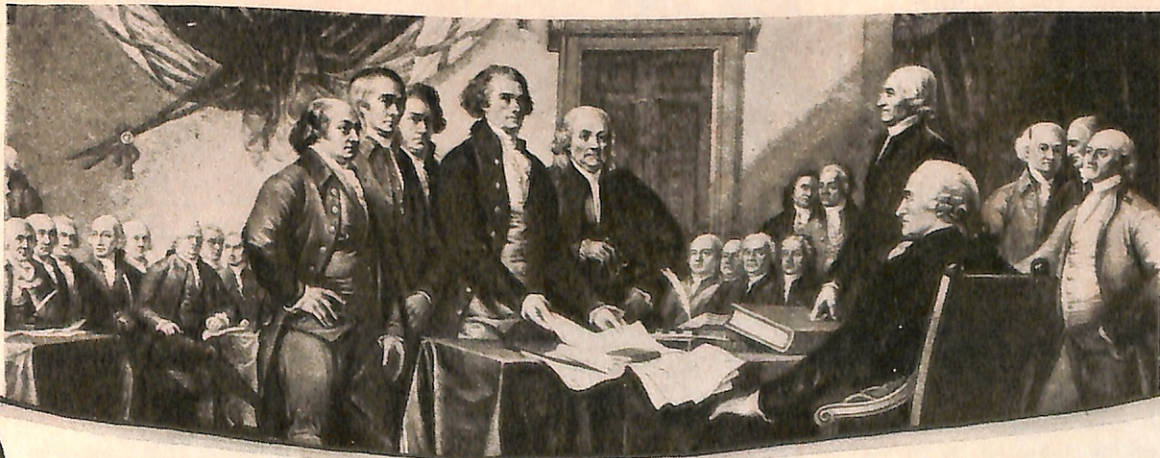
Among the splendid activities promoted by subordinate lodges and brought to the attention of the Defense Commission are the Americanization schools successfully conducted by Corning, New York, and Toledo, Ohio, Lodges.

The plan, calling for a brief course of education for adult aliens who desire to become citizens, is particularly helpful in industrial communities. There are thousands of aliens who earnestly wish to become American citizens, but they are handicapped by a lack of school facilities. The Elks National Defense Commission endorses this activity and suggests that interested defense committees communicate with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge or with Dr. John A. McNamara of Corning, New York, Lodge.

In Philadelphia, our Commission proposes to submit a program to subordinate lodges for a thirteen-time radio program on their local stations. Thirteen patriotic Elks addresses combined with a musical program will be placed in the hands of Exalted Rulers who are able to secure local station time. Several years ago more than 200 radio stations carried the Elks National Safety Program for thirteen weeks and it is anticipated that, in view of the importance of this defense plan, many more stations will be glad to extend their facilities to Elks lodges.

Your Commission is looking forward with pleasant anticipation to meeting with the Exalted Rulers at our annual Convention in Philadelphia on July 16, at which time comprehensive defense plans will be developed with their help for the coming year. The Commission will have its headquarters at the Bellevue-Stratford. All delegates are cordially invited to discuss local defense problems with the members of the Commission.

THE ELKS NATIONAL DEFENSE
COMMISSION





Above: Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, on behalf of Huntington, N. Y., Lodge, presents an American Flag to the local Selective Service and Advisory Boards.

Ely, Nev., Lodge Is Prosperous And Active in Fraternal Work

Ely, Nev., Lodge, No. 1469, held an important ceremony at the close of the lodge year. Retiring E.R. Ted Brown, P.D.D. A. J. Proctor and P.D.D. W. C. Draper burned a note clearing the loan secured for the purpose of remodeling the lodge home. The large crowd in attendance was comfortably accommodated due to the purchase by the trustees of an adequate number of new chairs.

On a visit to Elko, Nev., Lodge, No. 1472, the Ely ritualistic team, winner of the State championship, initiated a group of candidates before one of the largest gatherings ever assembled in the State. The trip was made to coincide with the dedication by Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, of the flag pole which it presented to the community. The Salt Lake Elks who officiated were in colonial uniform and the ceremonies were dignified and appropriate to the occasion.

Notice Regarding Applications For Residency At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

Above, right, are Pennsylvania Elk officials who were present at the burning of the mortgage on the Titusville, Pa., Lodge home.

Right are pictured members of Ely, Nev., Lodge when the note, secured for the purpose of remodeling the lodge home, was burned.

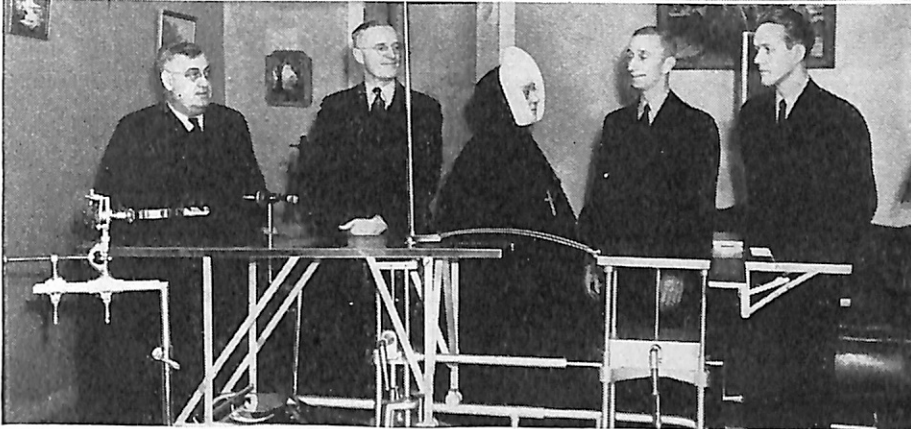
Under the **ANTLERS**

**News of Subordinate Lodges
Throughout the Order**





Above is a photograph of the all-Elk cast of El Reno, Okla., Lodge's second Annual Minstrel Show.



Left: A Buckner fracture table is presented to St. Peter's Hospital by Elks of Olympia, Wash.

National Convention Visitors Are Offered an Extension Tour by the New York State Elks Association

On Thursday, July 17, at the conclusion of the National Convention, a special train will leave Philadelphia for historic Virginia. A four-day extension tour has been added to the official Grand Lodge Convention Tour sponsored by the New York State Elks Association. Reservations may be made through P.E.R. John G. Toomey of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee of the N. Y. State Elks Association. Folders and details will be furnished and

bookings may be made upon application to Mr. Toomey at the lodge home, 82-10 Queens Boulevard, Elmhurst, L.I., N. Y., or 555-B 129th Street, Belle Harbor, L.I., N. Y. Although the tour is low in price, its high quality is not affected. The buying of tickets, hotel reservations, checking of luggage, sightseeing, in fact, all of the perplexities of travel, are taken care of for those who take advantage of the facilities afforded by the tour. Elks, their families and friends, are invited to participate.

The special will arrive in Luray, Va., on the morning of the 18th. Transfer will be provided to the world-famous "Caverns of Luray" with their approximately three miles of underground pas-

sage connected by natural corridors. The beauties of the Caverns are fully described in the folders available. After luncheon, the train will proceed to Natural Bridge, a miracle in stone, higher than Niagara and one of the seven natural wonders of the world. Dinner, served at the Natural Bridge Hotel, will be followed by the Pageant and Illumination in which, in "Nature's Cathedral", the drama of Creation is enacted. The artistry with which the Biblical story of the dawn of the world is unfolded is enhanced by symphonic music and magnificent lighting effects.

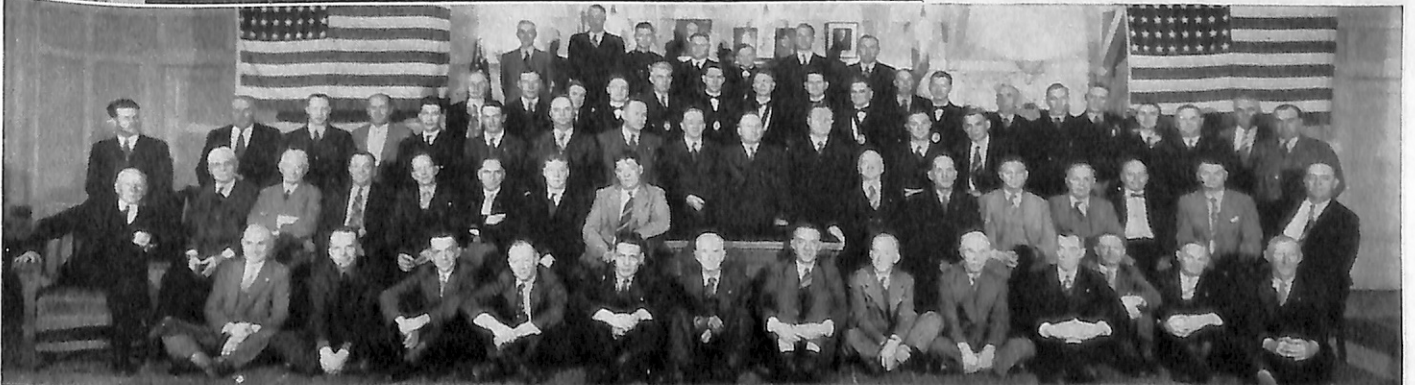
Auto transfer will be provided from Natural Bridge to the Roanoke Hotel where accommodations will be reserved. During the evening a reception and entertainment will be held at the home of Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197.

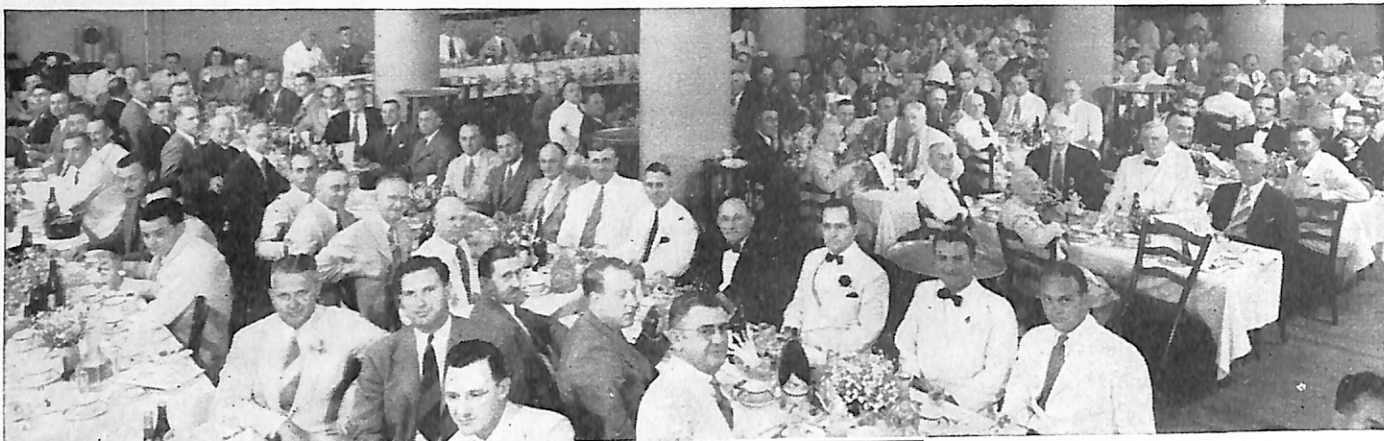
On the 19th the party will be taken in charge by Superintendent Robert A. Scott for a tour of the buildings and grounds of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. A visit to the home is a memorable experience. At Norfolk, Va., a tour of the city and the Naval Base will be made, followed by an auto trip along the Virginia seacoast to Virginia Beach and other points of interest. Daylight sailing along the Atlantic coast the next day aboard an Eastern Line steamship ends the tour, with the steamer docking at New York at 3 p.m., Sunday, July 20.



Left is a picture taken during the Ohio Past Exalted Rulers Assn. Fathers' and Sons' Reunion at Chillicothe, Ohio, Lodge.

Below: Those Elks who attended the celebration of Missoula, "Hellgate", Mont., Lodge's 43rd Birthday and Charter Night.





Above are members of Savannah, Ga., Lodge and their guests, pictured on the occasion of the celebration of the Lodge's Golden Jubilee.



At left: Lyle Seats, of the local Community High School basketball team, receives the Elks' "Free Throw Efficiency Trophy" from E.R. Ben Bornstein, of Clinton, Ill., Lodge.

Journal & Public Photo

Penna. N. E. District Assn. Holds Quarterly Meeting at Bangor Lodge

P.E.R. Thomas Giles, of Shamokin Lodge, was elected President of the Pennsylvania Northeast District Elks Association at a recent quarterly meeting held in the home of Bangor Lodge No. 1106. Also elected were Vice-Pres. Robert F. Adam, Sayre, Secy. Wilbur G. Warner, Lehigh, Treas. Kline S. Wernert, Lansford, and member of the

Executive Committee A. L. Mitke, Freeland.

The attendance of 205 Elks and 96 ladies broke all previous records. P.D.D. Robert W. Davies of Bangor, Pres. for 1940-41, presided. Scott E. Drum, Hazleton, and George J. Post, Mahanoy City, Past Pres.'s of the Pa. State Elks Assn., participated in the meeting and P.E.R. Lowell H. Cross, of East Stroudsburg, was a speaker. Reports showed a gain in membership for the district. At

the opening of the session, President Davies introduced the officers of the Bangor Antlers Lodge, instituted the week before. Dinner for the visiting Elks and ladies was served at the Colonial Hotel. Entertainment for the ladies was provided in the lounge during the meeting which was followed by a luncheon in the lodge rooms.

A Pre-Convention Get-Together Is Held at San Diego, Calif., Lodge

Recently a special train took members of Long Beach Lodge No. 888 and Huntington Park Lodge No. 1415 to San Diego for a pre-convention "get-together" in preparation for the annual convention of the California State Elks Association to be held at Long Beach in September. About 150 members of the visiting lodges journeyed to San Diego, being met at Union Depot by a delegation from the local lodge and escorted to the lodge home by a special band. Dinner was served for 250 members of the Order in the Elks' dining



At left are photographed the members of the Ontario, Calif., Lodge Bowling Team, champions of the City League.

Below: Bowling Green, Ohio, Elks and their guests, who attended the Lodge's recent Spring Dinner-Dance.





Above is the 57th Anniversary Dinner of New Haven, Conn., Lodge. Many prominent Eastern Elks attended this affair.

room, after which a regular lodge session was held followed by splendid entertainment presented by the visitors.

P.E.R. John Harvey of Long Beach Lodge, Chairman of the Convention Committee, explained in detail the plans for the convention, and P.E.R. Lloyd C. Leedom, D.D. for Calif., South Cent., made a short address. Henry Meyers, a member of the original Jolly Corks, was among those present.

Gift from Non-Elk Adorns Lobby Of San Diego, Calif., Lodge Home

In the lobby of the home of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, is an elk, a splendid specimen, beautifully mounted. It was presented to the lodge by Lynn Brawner, a non-member.

"Wegner Hall" Is Dedicated By Great Falls, Mont., Lodge

D.D. Joel J. Steiner, of Lewistown, Mont., Lodge, was the guest of honor at a banquet given by Great Falls, Mont., Lodge, No. 214, on April 7 in the lodge home. A regular meeting was held afterward, attended by 200 members. Acting on behalf of Great Falls Lodge, the District Deputy presented the retiring Exalted Ruler, Truman G. Bradford, with an engraved watch. Mr. Steiner also installed the officers, headed by E.R. T. W. Midkiff.

The new officers performed their first official duties when they dedicated, that

Right is the orchestra which entertained at a recent Dinner-Dance held by the members of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge.

Below are those who were present at a recent "New Membership Campaign Banquet" held by Tulsa, Okla., Lodge.

same month, the street floor hall to the memory of Charles Wegner who served the lodge as secretary for 35 consecutive years. A large picture of Mr. Wegner was hung at the head of the hall, serving as a reminder of an Elk who advanced the interests of the Order in the community and lived in accordance with its principles. The date chosen for the dedication was April 16, Mr. Wegner's birthday. Had he lived he would have been 97 years old. Eulogies were given by Mr. Midkiff and P.E.R. Frank C. Fogerty.

Bangor Lodge of Antlers Is the Second in the Pa. N. E. District

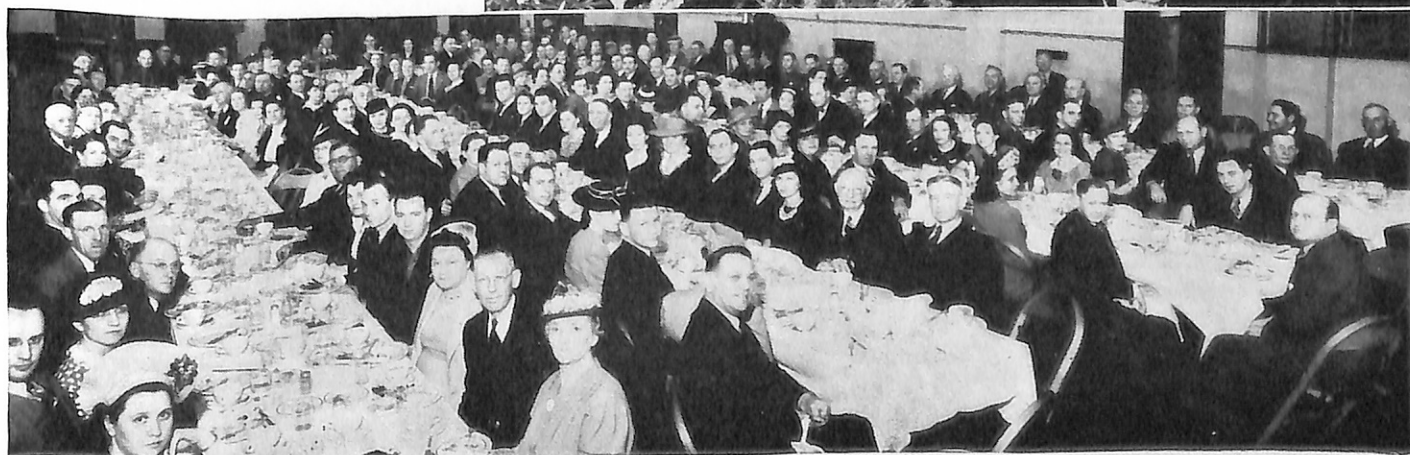
Bangor, Pa., Lodge, No. 1106, has established its new Antlers organization in comfortable quarters on the third floor of the lodge home. The Bangor Antlers Lodge is the second instituted in the Pennsylvania Northeast District. The junior unit sponsored by Tamaqua

Lodge No. 592 was the first.

The Bangor Antlers Lodge was instituted with 18 charter members. The ceremonies, open to the public, were in charge of the Antlers of Tamaqua Lodge. Thirty Tamaqua Antlers accompanied the Tamaqua Elks' delegation to Bangor, and P.E.R. Samuel C. Price of Sunbury Lodge, State Chairman of the Antlers Committee, attended. The Antlers Lodge sponsored by Sunbury Lodge No. 267 was the first organized in the State.

Oklahoma's Youngest Lodge, Ada No. 1640, Increases Membership

A class of candidates, the second since the institution on March 4 of Ada, Okla., Lodge, No. 1640, was initiated into that lodge on April 29 by a ritualistic team composed of Past Exalted Rulers of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743. The new lodge has a fine membership, actively interested in State Association and community welfare activities. Special District Deputy Floyd H. Brown has been retained as club manager and secretary and is now a resident of Ada.





Left are the officers of Yuma, Ariz., Lodge, pictured with the members of the newly initiated "McDaniel Class".



Below, left: Those who attended a dinner celebrating the burning of the mortgage on Petoskey, Mich., Lodge's home.

total registration for the conference of 721 persons. Sixty-two Ohio lodges were represented. Among those who attended were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Chicago, Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle, of Gary, Ind., eight Past State Presidents, the State officers, 101 visiting Past Exalted Rulers and 20 Past Exalted Rulers of Elyria Lodge. Further statistics showed a registration of 167 visiting members from other lodges, 117 visiting ladies, 95 Elyria ladies and 201 members of Elyria Lodge.

One of the principal events of the conference was the State Ritualistic Contest which was won by Bellaire Lodge No. 419. The scoring, handled by P.D.D. Dr. V. E. Berg of New Philadelphia, O., State Chairman, Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle and P.E.R. Dr. F. H. Bradshaw, Lansing, Mich., was as follows: Bellaire, representing the Southeast District, 98.83, Elyria, North Central District, 97.84, Painesville, Northeast, 97.70, and Upper Sandusky, Northwest, 96.89. As the winner, Bellaire Lodge will represent Ohio in the National Ritualistic Contest at Philadelphia this month. Colonel C. W. Wallace, Secy. of Columbus Lodge, Chairman of the National Defense Committee of the State Association, reported on the success of the State-wide school essay contest on "What Uncle Sam Means to Me", stating that several thousand school children had participated. Reports were also submitted by the Scholarship Loan Fund Committee, the Crippled Children's Committee, committees on social and athletic activities and several others.

While numerous items of business were transacted at the conference, it was not without its social side. Special attention was given the program arranged for the entertainment of the ladies. On Saturday afternoon they were guests of Elyria Lodge at a luncheon-bridge at the Spring Valley Country Club. Tickets to a local theatre were

Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge Names A Day for Twenty-Five Year Members

Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333, honored its 25-year members recently with a special "day" and gave a dinner that evening for the entire membership. The lodge has 51 members who have been affiliated with the Order for 25 years or more. Many of them are no longer residents of Sistersville, but more than 20 returned for the occasion, some of whom came long distances to be present.

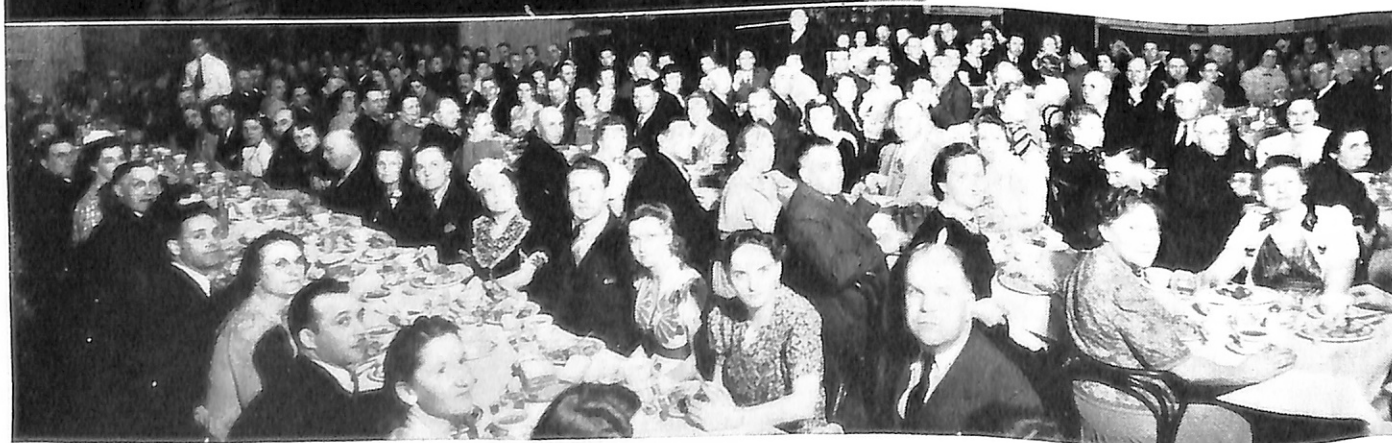
Elyria Lodge Entertains O. State Elks Assn. at Spring Conference

The fast-moving three-day Spring Conference of the Ohio State Elks Association, held this year in the North Central District of the State, came to a close on Sunday afternoon, April 27, with a short business session presided over by State President E. B. LeSueur of Toledo. A report of the Registration Committee, of which Gerald C. Nau, P.E.R. of the host lodge, Elyria No. 465, was local chairman, revealed a



Left are the Charter Members of Framingham, Mass., Lodge, who were honored recently at a banquet given by the Lodge.

Below are those who were present at the dinner celebrating Muskegon, Mich., Lodge's 27th Anniversary not long ago.



provided for those who preferred the movies.

A dinner, attended by 70 Elks, was given on Friday evening in honor of the State officers. The banquet, held on Saturday evening, was one of the important events of the meeting. About 400 Elks and their ladies attended. P.D.D. James Armitage, of Elyria, was Toastmaster. Mayor Joseph Q. Petro welcomed the guests and President LeSueur responded for the Association. Dr. McCormick and Mr. Masters were the only speakers. Drills by the Lorain and Columbus Ladies Drill Teams followed the dinner, and a floor show and dancing concluded the evening program. The Sunday business session held by the State Association was followed by a short meeting of the Ohio Past Exalted Rulers Association. Both groups expressed appreciation of the hospitality accorded the conference visitors by the host lodge.

Florida's Youngest Lodge, Pahokee No. 1638, Sets a Fine Example

Since January 16, 1941, the date of its institution, Pahokee, Fla., Lodge, No. 1638, has doubled its membership and acquired a beautiful building for a home. The lodge has established a fine record, with a 100 per cent paid-up membership. The majority of the members are paid up to April 1, 1942.

Pahokee Lodge had an interesting beginning. Last November, at the request of eleven Elks living in the Everglades section far from the lodges in which they held membership, D.D. Harry Haimowitz, of Lake Worth Lodge, came to Pahokee to discuss the establishment of a lodge of the Order, the first to be considered in the vast stretches of the Everglades. In two months' time, the organization work had been completed. The institution was celebrated with a barbecue and parade and the ceremonies were attended by a score of distinguished Elks among whom were Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, the principal speaker, and Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Chelsie J. Senerchia, of Miami.

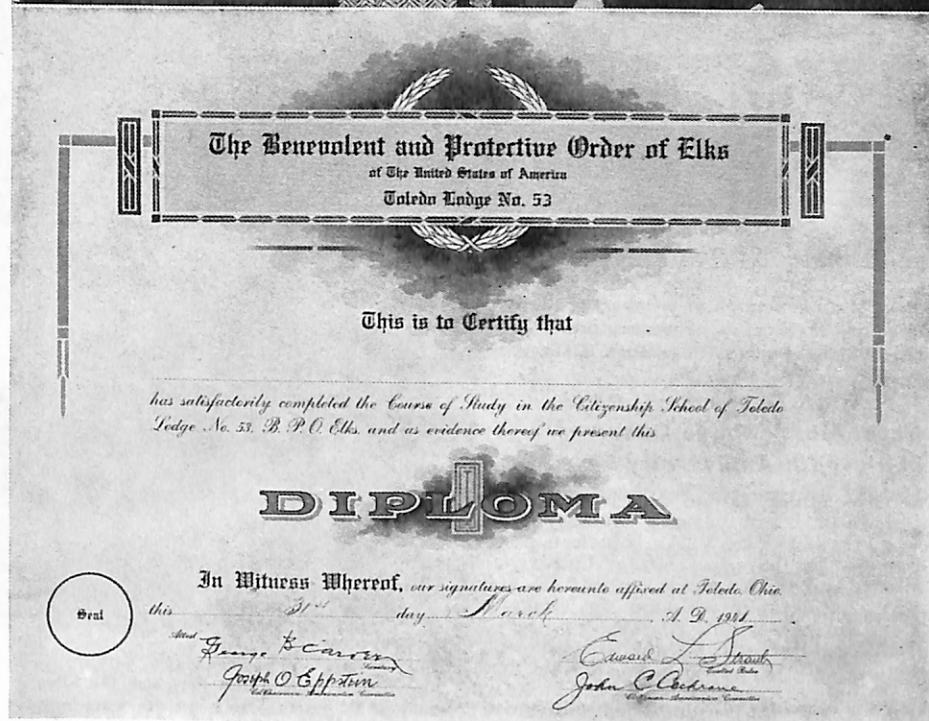
S. J. Brown, Veteran Tiler of Johnstown, Pa., Lodge, Is Dead

The last surviving charter member of Johnstown, Pa., Lodge, No. 175, Samuel J. Brown, aged 81, died on May 14. Mr. Brown was serving his 48th term as Tiler, having been reelected two months before his death. He was one of the oldest fraternal organization officers in Pennsylvania in point of uninterrupted service and was honored last year at an observance marking the anniversary of the founding of Johnstown Lodge in 1890.

Mr. Brown is believed never to have missed a convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association since he attended his first, many years ago.

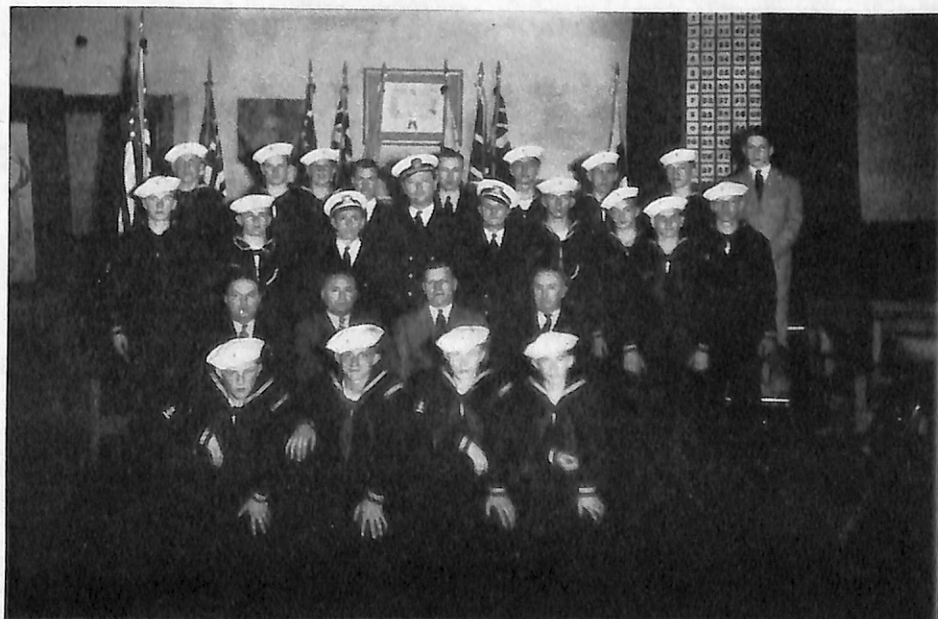
Fort Madison, Iowa, Lodge Is Visited by D.D. J. W. Winger

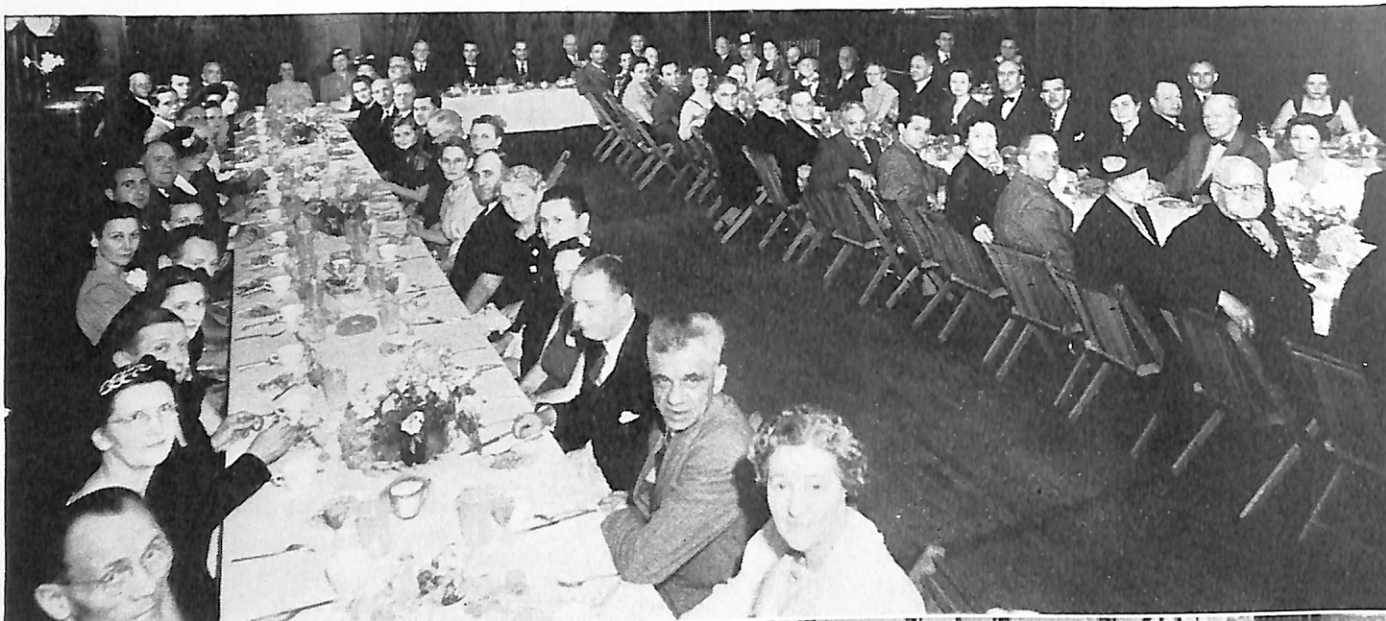
On the evening of May Day, P.E.R. J. W. Winger, Jr., of Keokuk Lodge, D.D. for Iowa, Southeast, visited Fort Madison Lodge No. 374. He was given an enthusiastic welcome and the meeting, which was conducted by the new officers, was well attended. P.E.R. Dan K. Brennan, of Rock Island, Ill., Lodge, spoke eloquently on "Americanism". A buffet supper was served.



At top is a photograph taken on the occasion of the first graduation exercises of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge's Americanization School. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick is shown at the extreme left. Directly above is a reproduction of the diploma which is presented to the graduates of this School.

Below are pictured the officers and crew of the Sea Scout Ship "Juniata", which is sponsored by the members of Lewistown, Pa., Lodge.





Above is a photograph of members of the Order and their guests, who were present at a banquet given by Muskogee, Okla., Lodge recently.

Melrose, Mass., Lodge Observes Its Thirty-Fifth Anniversary

Melrose, Mass., Lodge, No. 1031, celebrated its 35th anniversary on May 14. The program began with a chicken pie supper at which more than a hundred members and ladies were served. E.R. Fay W. Scofield, introduced by Toastmaster Dominic Milano, P.E.R., gave an interesting talk, and charter members Henry W. Clark, Edgar W. Carleton and William D. Reidy, P.E.R., spoke briefly. P.D.D.'s Joseph Casey and Arthur G. Ledwith were speakers and Timothy Murphy was introduced as "the best ticket seller in these parts". P.E.R. Charles A. Carbone gave the Eleven O'clock Toast.

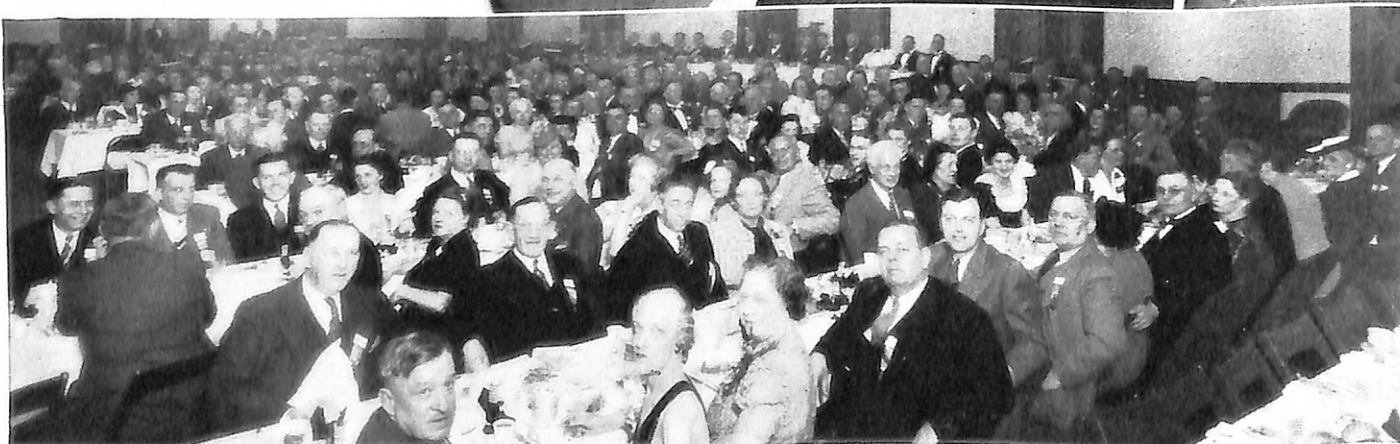
The festivities were held in the lodge room which was decorated attractively. Old as well as new numbers were played by Frank Rizzo's Band during the evening. Mr. Rizzo, a member of the lodge, acted as Master of Ceremonies during the presentation of an entertainment program. Melrose Lodge was instituted on May 16, 1906, by a distinguished group of Massachusetts Elks from Boston and Salem.

Below is a picture of the banquet held in connection with the Spring Conference of the Ohio State Elks Assn. at Elyria, Ohio.



Above is a photograph in which the late George C. Stafford and his six sons are shown. Mr. Stafford's sons are all members of Laconia, N. H., Lodge.

Below are Michael Niland and his three sons, all affiliated with North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge. Mr. Niland is a Charter Member of the Lodge.





Above is shown a section of the crowd of more than 600 Elks and their guests who attended the Spring Dinner-Dance held by Fort Dodge, Ia., Lodge.



Above is the Past Exalted Rulers' Ritualistic Team of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, which recently initiated a class of members into Ada, Okla., Lodge.

Below is a photograph taken when a check for \$500 was presented, on behalf of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, to the Salvation Army of that city.



Milton, Pa., Lodge, Free of Debt, Burns Mortgage at Dinner-Meeting

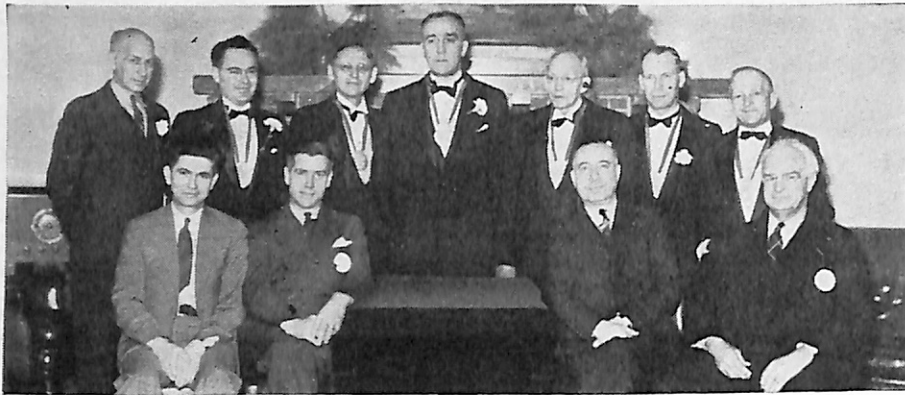
On May 23, in the presence of officers of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association and representatives of neighboring lodges, Milton, Pa., Lodge, No. 913, celebrated the burning of its mortgage, clearing the lodge of all indebtedness. About 150 local and visiting Elks were in attendance at the dinner-meeting held in the auditorium of the lodge home.

The Reverend L. F. Duerr of Sunbury Lodge, Chaplain of the State Association, pronounced the Invocation. E. R. H. H. Easley made the welcoming address. Toastmaster F. A. Godcharles, of Milton Lodge, introduced F. E. Dawson, a member of the Board of Trustees, who burned the note. Among the distinguished guests were Past State Pres.'s Howard R. Davis, Williamsport, a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, Scott E. Drum, Hazleton, Edward D. Smith, Lewistown, and Grover Shoemaker, Bloomsburg, State Vice-Pres. Wilbur G. Warner, Lehigh, and P. E. R. Samuel C. Price, Sunbury. All were introduced and all made fine talks. The month of May marked the 37th anniversary of the organization of the lodge which since its institution has participated actively in community welfare work.

East Chicago, Ind., Bowlers Win Championship Honors

For the second consecutive season, the bowling team sponsored by East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, has won the championship honors of the Western Division of the Indiana North District. Gary, Valparaiso, LaPorte and Whiting, Ind., and Chicago (South), Ill., Lodges were represented by their teams.

Left: One of the 126 children registered is examined during the annual Elks Crippled Children's Clinic at Williston, N. D., Lodge.



Left is a photograph taken on the occasion of the celebration of Antigo, Wis., Lodge's 40th Anniversary.

Ohio Elks Bowling Tournament at the Columbus Lodge Home Is Successful

The First Ohio Elks Bowling Tournament, held under the auspices of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, was a great success. Hundreds of bowlers took part. The tournament started on March 15 and ended on April 6. Twenty-two teams, entered by the host lodge, gave a good account of themselves. Elmer Kopp and Harry Kulp won the doubles. Kopp also won the all-events and finished second in the singles. Paul Foltz had high three-man singles from scratch with 660. More than 130 five-man teams, 200 doubles and 400 singles were entered. In the five-man event, Kent (O.) Elks No. 1 Team won first place with high total of 3203; Anders Elks (Columbus) were second with 3067. Thirty-nine lodges were represented and almost every lodge had prize winners.

Open house was held at the Columbus Lodge home and good fellowship prevailed. The entertainment features were

popular and many of the visiting bowlers attended the floor show and dance. A meeting of the officers and committee in charge of the tournament, to which all of the lodges in Ohio were invited to send representatives, was held at the Columbus Lodge home on Sunday, April 20. Tiffin Lodge No. 94 was selected as host for the 1942 tournament which is to start on January 24. George O. Doyle of Columbus Lodge, President during the past year, was complimented for the efficient manner in which he handled the tournament and the great amount of effort he put into making it a success.

Crippled Children's Commission of North Dakota Has All-Elk Personnel

At a recent session of the North Dakota Legislature, a bill was passed creating a Crippled Children's Commission under the State Welfare Board. In naming the members of the Commission, Governor John Moses recognized the valuable service rendered in aiding crippled children during the past twelve years by the Elks of the State.

Sam Stern of Fargo Lodge, President of the N. D. State Elks Assn. and a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, was ap-

pointed to serve three years. P.D.D. William G. Owens, of Williston Lodge, State Vice-President, was appointed for a two-year term, Arthur J. Rulon, Jamestown, District Deputy for North Dakota, for a one-year term.

Large Audiences Attend Elks' Minstrels at El Reno, Okla.

With an all-Elk cast, El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743, held its Second Annual Minstrel Show on the nights of April the 17th and 18th, playing to capacity houses. E.R. Robert M. Mal-lonee was the Interlocutor.

The minstrels were presented under the direction of Carlyle F. Kueffer, a member of El Reno Lodge and Director of the El Reno Choral Club which participated in the show. The proceeds of both performances went into the fund used by the lodge in supplying shoes for underprivileged children.

Elks of Medford, Ore., Enjoy a May Day Party

More than 200 members of Medford Ore., Lodge, No. 1168, attended the May Day Party given in celebration of the completion of improvements on the lodge home. P.E.R. Gus Newbury acted as Master of Ceremonies. T. E. Daniels, the first Exalted Ruler of the lodge, Ernest L. Scott, the present Exalted Ruler, and Dr. C. W. Lemery, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, participated in the ceremonies. The Elks Band played at intervals.

After the lodge session, the fourth annual oratorical contest, conducted by

At bottom are those members, affiliated with Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge for more than 25 years, who were honored recently by the Lodge.

Below: Members of Missoula, "Hellgate", Mont., Lodge before they left for St. Maries, Ida., Lodge to conduct an initiation there.





Above is a photograph of the dinner held to celebrate Milton, Pa., Lodge's freedom from indebtedness recently.



Left are a few of the 175 members of Springfield, Mass., Lodge who attended the celebration of the Lodge's 41st Birthday.

the Oregon State Elks Association, was held. Cash prizes were awarded in the oratorical contest and also in the essay contest sponsored by the lodge.

Crippled Children's Clinic Is Held At Home of Williston, N. D., Lodge

One hundred and twenty-six crippled children were registered at the annual Elks Crippled Children's Clinic held in the home of Williston, N. D., Lodge, No. 1214, on April 28. This year children from two additional counties were eligible for the benefits of the clinic which was sponsored jointly by the State and county welfare boards and the local

lodge of Elks. Luncheon was served at noon for the children, their parents and nurses, and the guest physicians. The doctors were assisted by city and county public health nurses and members of the Elks' committee of which P.E.R. Alec Rawitscher, Treas. of the North Dakota State Elks Association, was Chairman.

Two Boy Scouts were on duty all day to assist in handling the children and to take x-rays to the two hospitals. In addition to orthopedic and medical examinations and consultations with regard to artificial arms and legs or braces, x-ray examinations were given, with the expense being borne by the

Elks. Dr. J. C. Swanson, of Fargo, and Dr. Edward Parnell, of Minot, orthopedic experts, were in charge of the medical division and Miss Theodora Allen, Supervisor of Child Welfare for North Dakota, assisted in the arrangements.

Lewistown Lodge Sponsors First Penna. S. Cent. Sea Scout Troop

The first Sea Scout Troop organized in South Central Pennsylvania is sponsored by Lewistown Lodge No. 663. In ceremonies presided over by E.R. Elias J. Miterko and Secy. Perry L. Powell, P.E.R., the ship "Juniata", a unit of the Sea Scouts, was officially launched.

The ship was accepted on behalf of the lodge by P.E.R. Richard R. Yeager. P.E.R. Edward D. Smith, Past Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn., delivered the address commemorating the occasion. Many Elks and their ladies, as well as parents of the members of the "crew", attended. The Commodore is Father Myles A. Vollmer, Chaplain, whose interest in the Sea Scouts was an incentive in the organization of the local unit.

(Continued on page 50)



Left: Those present when an X-Ray machine was presented by the members of Lowell, Mass., Lodge to that city.

Below is pictured the dinner held in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch's visit to Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge.





Above are shown Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch and other dignitaries of the Order, with a group of patients of the Harry-Anna Home in Umatilla, Fla., when Mr. Buch visited the Home recently.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

Visits

VISITS to Florida and Panama Canal Zone lodges occupied the attention of Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch during the latter part of March and early April. On March 18 Mr. Buch and his party were guests of Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948, the visit being extended over the greater part of a week. On his arrival in Miami, the visitors were met by a police escort and taken to the city hall where a public welcome was extended the Grand Exalted Ruler and "Miss Miami", Miss Louise Baker. Then came a visit to Tropical Park,

Coral Gables, where luncheon was served. The fourth race of the day was dedicated to the Grand Exalted Ruler who acted as one of the official judges. On the 19th, a capacity meeting was held at the home of Miami Lodge. Mayor Alexander Orr extended a cordial welcome and presented Mr. Buch

with a key to the city. Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Chelsie J. Senerchia, E.R. C. D. Van Orsdel and P.E.R. James A. Dunn of Miami Lodge acted as escort. The next day the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were taken by members and officers of the lodge to the Quarterdeck Club where luncheon was served. The trip was made by boat.

After a short but delightful vacation at Miami, the Grand Exalted Ruler participated, on Sunday, March 30, in an important and impressive ceremony when the cornerstone of the new home of Miami Beach Lodge No. 1601 was laid. Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141, assisted. Mr. Buch was the guest of honor at a luncheon given before the exercises by E.R. Philip R. Short and the members of Miami Beach Lodge who later escorted the Grand Exalted Ruler to the airport where he and Colonel William H. Kelly of East Orange, N. J., Lodge, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, boarded a plane for the Canal Zone.

The visitors were met at Balboa on April 1 by a delegation which included E.R. Edward J. Kunkel and P.E.R.'s



HARRY-ANNA CRIPPLED CHILDREN'S HOME
UMATILLA



Above, left, the Grand Exalted Ruler is photographed with prominent Florida Elks when he inspected the famous Ravine Gardens during his visit to Palatka, Fla., Lodge recently.

Left: Mr. Buch is pictured with Walter T. Moore, Jr., Pres. of the Florida State Elks Assn.; J. Edwin Baker, Superintendent of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children, and Carl G. Rose, Chairman of the Executive Committee for the Home.

Right is a picture of the Grand Exalted Ruler taken on his visitation to Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge.

Robert W. Glaw, Charles F. Magee, John A. Wright, Secy., and Linden W. Foster, Sr., of Panama Canal Zone Lodge No. 1414, and E.R. Donald K. Hughes and P.E.R.'s Arthur W. Goulet, Frank H. Ghormley and Maurice F. Hammond of Cristobal Lodge No. 1542. Mr. Hammond is the present District Deputy for the Canal Zone. A police escort conducted the party to many points of interest. A reception was held in the home of No. 1414 and that evening a dinner was given for Mr. Buch attended by officers and members of the lodge. The next day, accompanied by Mr. Glaw and Captain Leo A. McIntire, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Colonel Kelly visited a number of prominent officials of the Canal Zone. An inspection was made of the lock and then the party left Balboa by train for Colon where they were met by past and present officers of Cristobal Lodge and escorted to the Hotel Washington. That evening a dinner was given at the Strangers' Club.

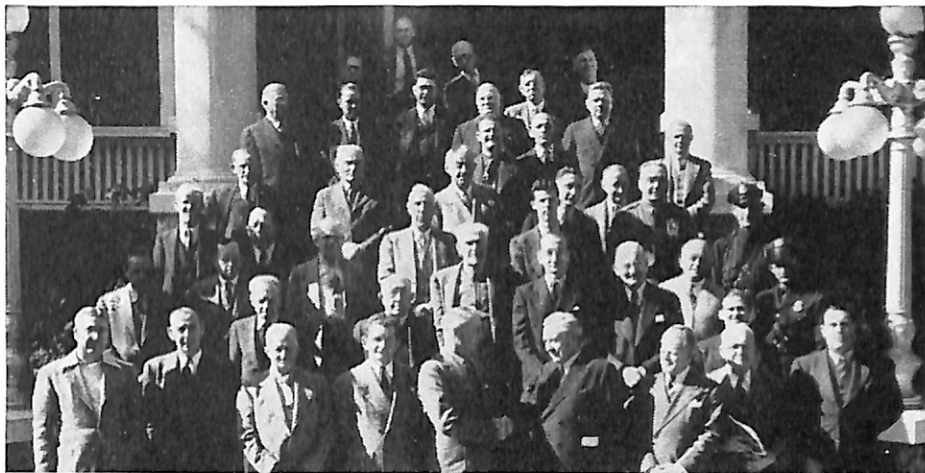
On April 3, a luncheon was tendered the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Hotel Washington by Cristobal Lodge after which a visit was made to interesting points in the city. Later Grand Exalted Ruler Buch, Colonel Kelly, E.R. D. K. Hughes and Mrs. Hughes were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thomas at their home. A reception and meeting at the Cristobal Lodge rooms followed. On Friday, April 4, Mr. Buch and his party were luncheon guests of the lodge at the Strangers' Club, and a visit was paid by the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Mr. Hughes, Mr. Goulet and Mr. Ghormley, to P.E.R. J. Lang Wardlaw who has been ill and confined to his home for a number of years. Mr. Buch, being indisposed, remained at Cristobal and was represented by Colonel Kelly at a well attended meeting and reception given by Panama Canal Zone Lodge at Balboa. A dinner-dance was held in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor on Saturday, April 5, at the Panama Country Club. Cristobal Lodge chartered a special

(Continued on page 56)

Above, right: The Grand Exalted Ruler is photographed with a group of members of Hammonton, N. J., Lodge.

Right, center: A group of the prominent members of the Order who attended the banquet given in honor of Mr. Buch by Norwich, Conn., Lodge, recently.

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler and Col. William Kelly are shown with the officers of Chehalis, Wash., Lodge.



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch is welcomed to East Point, Ga., by prominent Elks and city officials. Among those shown in this picture are John S. McClelland, Pardon Commissioner of the Grand Lodge, and William H. Kelly, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee.



NEWS of the State Associations

The State Associations Committee Reports the Following Annual Convention Dates for 1941

Association	City	Date
Montana	Helena	July 24-25-26
Maryland, Delaware & District of Columbia	Salisbury	Aug. 3-4-5-6
Virginia	Harrisonburg	Aug. 17-18-19
Wisconsin	Sheboygan	Aug. 21-22-23
Oregon	Astoria	Aug. 21-22-23
Colorado	Boulder	Aug. 24-25-26
North Carolina	Asheville	Aug. 24-25-26
Ohio	Cedar Point (Sandusky)	Aug. 24-25-26-27-28
Pennsylvania	Pottsville	Aug. 24 to 30
California	Long Beach	Sept. 18-19-20
New Hampshire	Dover	Sept. 27-28



Above are the "Ruff-Riders" of San Fernando, Calif., Lodge who participated in the parade held in connection with the recent Arizona State Elks Assn. Convention.

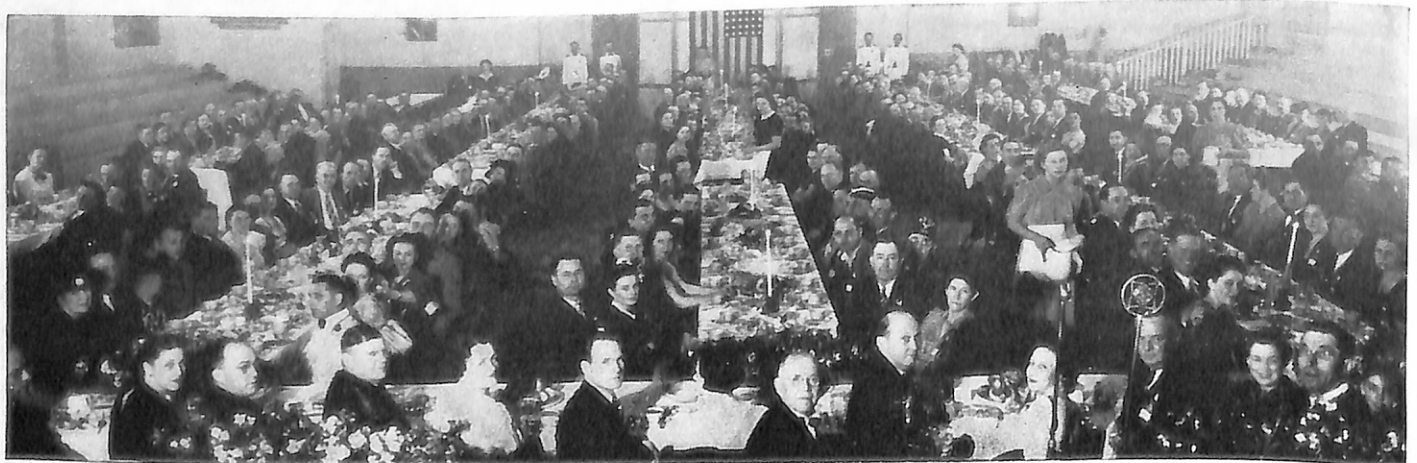
ARIZONA

The 26th Annual Convention of the Arizona State Elks Association at Kingman, April 17-20, was proclaimed by all in attendance as the most successful of all the fine meetings that have been held by that organization. Kingman Lodge No. 468 provided a full program for each of the three days during which the convention was in progress. A meeting of Kingman Lodge and an Antlers initiation on Thursday, the State Theatre Stag Show on Friday night, and a breakfast at Gaddis Café on Saturday morning for past and present lodge and Grand Lodge officers, were among the numerous featured events. D.D.'s Carl G. Krook, of Kingman and R. N. Campbell, Yuma, were in charge of the breakfast. The Grand Ball on Saturday night, honoring the newly elected President, John M. Blair of Kingman Lodge, officially closed the meeting, but on Sunday, the 20th, an

all-day trip was made by boat to Boulder Dam and Lake Mead.

Four hundred Elks and their ladies attended the annual banquet, in the high school gymnasium, at which Past Grand Tiler Joe F. Mayer, of Globe Lodge, was Toastmaster. P.D.D. Paul H. Morton, P.E.R. of Kingman Lodge and Chairman of the Executive Committee, who supervised the staging of the convention, reported that five States were represented in the registration which exceeded 500. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, attended and San Fernando, Calif., Lodge, No. 1539, sent its "Scooter Ruff-Riders" headed by Andy Devine, famous motion picture actor and Esteemed Lecturing Knight of San Fernando Lodge.

Below are shown those who attended the banquet held during the Arizona State Elks Assn. Convention at Kingman.



State Pres. William I. Walsh, of Tucson, presided at the several business sessions. The Ritualistic Contest was won for the second consecutive year by Phoenix Lodge No. 335, with Yuma Lodge No. 476 a close second.

GEORGIA

Twenty Georgia lodges were represented at the 40th Annual Convention of the Georgia State Elks Association, held in Savannah on May 10-11-12-13. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, was a guest of the Association and the principal speaker. Past State Pres. John S. McClelland of Atlanta Lodge, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, exhibited one of the new "Elks Drive Safely" signs with the addition of "Defend America" and orders were given to the manufacturers for one hundred to replace the older signs on highways leading to homes of the various lodges of the Order throughout the State.

Past Pres. Charles G. Bruce, a member of the On-to-Philadelphia Committee, outlined schedules and rates to the convention city for Elks from Georgia and Florida. He also displayed a model of the regulation outfit to be worn by the "Southern Colonels" in the Grand Lodge Parade. The uniformed band and the marching delegation will follow the "Gone With The Wind" float entered by the State Association.

Reports from all of the lodges showed a net gain in membership of 600 during the past year. The team from Decatur Lodge No. 1602 won possession of the J. Bush loving cup in the Ritualistic Contest in which East Point, Athens and Augusta Lodges also competed. The Decatur team will represent Georgia in the National Ritualistic Contest at Philadelphia this month. The Charles G. Bruce trophy in the Golf Tournament was won by Warren Walker of Augusta Lodge. Gainesville was selected as the

1942 convention city. Officers for the ensuing year were elected and installed as follows: Pres., H. O. Hubert, Jr., Decatur; Secy.-Treas., R. E. Lee Reynolds, Atlanta; Vice-Pres.'s: Frank M. Robertson, Atlanta, C. McNeill Leach, East Point, Dr. J. F. Hines, Dalton, Louis J. O'Connell, Augusta, I. G. Ehrlich, Albany, F. C. Johnson, LaGrange, Harry H. Rowling, Jr., Waycross, and J. B. Johnson, Valdosta.

Savannah Lodge No. 183 provided every convenience and a variety of amusements for the entertainment of the visitors. Social features included dances, observation tours, formal dinners, a fish fry at the Shrine Country Club and a dinner-dance at the De Soto Club at Savannah Beach. E.R. James F. Meyer, P.E.R.'s Edward A. Dutton and John J. Hennessy and Secy. Walter B. Murphy were given wholehearted cooperation by the other officers and members of the lodge. The result of their combined efforts was a convention successful from every standpoint.

MISSOURI

Washington, Mo., Lodge, No. 1559, entertained the Missouri State Elks Association at its 31st Annual Convention on Saturday and Sunday, May 3-4. State Pres. Joseph N. Miniace, of Kansas City, presided. The opening ceremonies were featured by selections by the State Association Quartette from Springfield. A Dutch Lunch was held at noon. At 6 p.m., the Past Exalted Rulers of Missouri met at a dinner held in the Commercial Hotel, organized a Past Exalted Rulers Association and elected P.E.R.'s Ernest W. Baker and Herbert B. G. Maune, of Washington Lodge, President and Secretary-Treasurer respectively of the new organization. The selection later of a Vice-President from each lodge was decided upon. A dance and floor show ended the first day's activities.

At a business session on Sunday, the newly elected State officers were installed as follows: Pres., M. F. Thurston, Columbia; Vice-Pres.'s: S.E., Ernest W. Baker, Washington, S.W., George D. Klingman, Joplin, N.E., A. H. Drummond, Trenton, N.W., Charles O. Harmon, Maryville; Secy., Edward F. Immerthal, Columbia; Treas., B. B. Hannis, Kansas City; Trustees: Henry C. Salveter, Sedalia, Dr. Paul V. Woolley, Excelsior Springs, J. B. Landau, De Soto. Joplin Lodge No. 501 was chosen host lodge for the 1942 convention.

The report of the Membership Committee showed a satisfactory increase for the year. From the report of the Social and Community Welfare Committee it was learned that several hundred children from all parts of the State had been provided with eyeglasses and that this branch of State Association work would be continued on a larger scale during the coming year. A highlight of the convention was the awarding of prizes in the Elks' Essay Contest on Americanism. First, second and third places were won respectively by Miss Georgie Ann Selz, high school senior, Union, Mo., Miss Carmen Rose Witten, a student at the junior high school, Trenton, Mo., and Herbert Dodd Price of the Southwest High School at Kansas City, Mo. Miss Selz was the winner of first prize in the Washington Lodge contest.

The Convention Banquet was held on Sunday at noon. Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle, of Gary, Ind., was the principal speaker. Among other distinguished Elks in attendance were Past Grand Es-

(Continued on page 55)



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RECENTLY INITIATED ELKS

On this page are shown classes of candidates recently initiated into the Order. Many are shown with their lodge officers



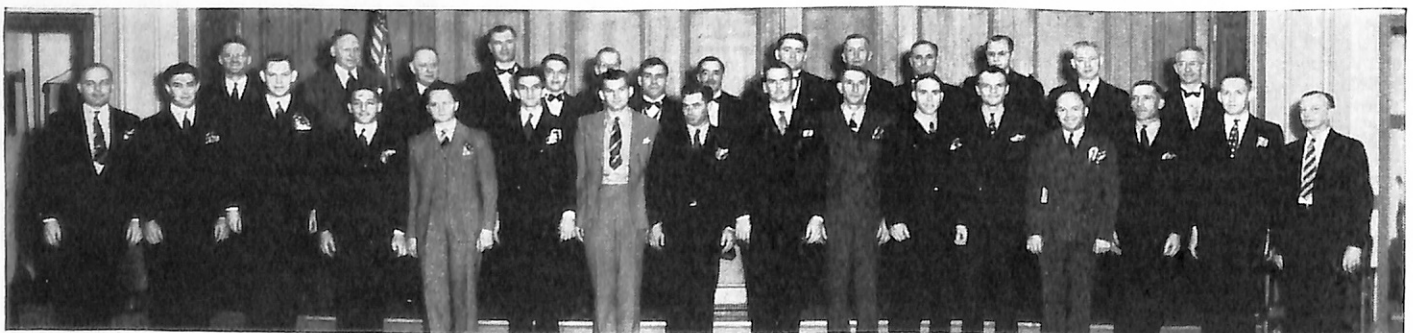
Kearney, Nebraska, Lodge



Salisbury, Maryland, Lodge



Saginaw, Michigan, Lodge



Helena, Montana, Lodge



Ellensburg, Washington, Lodge



D.D. Lloyd C. Leedom receives a check from J. C. Ostling, Est. Lead, Knight of Compton, Calif., Lodge.



Exalted Ruler Casper O. Scott presents Ventura, Calif., Lodge's check to District Deputy Lloyd Leedom.



The presentation of a check to Mr. Leedom from E.R. Roy W. McDiarmid of Santa Monica Lodge.



Above is pictured the presentation by Est. Lead. Knight Russell Pavey of a check from Long Beach, Calif., Lodge.



Above: E.R. Roy J. Gordon, of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge presents District Deputy Leedom with his Lodge's check.



Below: The Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge check is given to Mr. Leedom by E.R. Oliver G. Larson.

Southern California Lodges Join National Foundation

Upon all of his official visitations throughout the California South Central District, D.D. Lloyd C. Leedom stressed the Elks National Foundation, explaining the uses of the Fund and describing the Foundation's worthy achievements. As the interest of the various memberships grew, so did their desire to participate and by May 1, six new subscribers were listed by Mr. Leedom, namely, Compton Lodge No. 1570, Ventura No. 1430, San Pedro No. 966, Santa Monica No. 906, Redondo Beach No. 1378 and the District Deputy's own lodge, Long Beach No. 888 whose check for \$1,000, payment in full for an Honorary Founder's Certificate, was presented to Mr. Leedom by Est. Lead. Knight Russell Pavey. Mr. Pavey has since been elected Exalted Ruler of Long Beach Lodge. All of the other lodges presented substantial checks for payments on their Certificates.

Mr. Leedom's endeavors won top honors for both his State and his District. His personal performance set a record for 1940-41, giving him first place among the District Deputies in the matter of obtaining new subscriptions for Honorary Founder's Certificates. He has received the congratulations and thanks of the Foundation Trustees through their Chairman, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley.

King O'Hara

(Continued from page 7)

"Shall I light up?" asked the captain, thinking he might rather have the dark.

"Why not?" he asked, and watched the captain as, one after the other, the oil wicks in the dish lit up. He's a little, dried-up old gink, criss-crossed with wrinkles, Cap'n Moses. Strangely, he felt extra old then. It isn't as if he were giving to thinking about it.

O'Hara put a hand behind the big column of his neck and his shirt bagged, showing the heave of the warm skin as he drew breath unhurried. "And you a devil-dodger," he said. "And I a king by divine right!" He had heard all that. "It's war," he said, "but I'll have a run for me money!"

"Why?" asked the captain sharply. "Why war?"

"Killer, drunkard, gambler, thief," laughed O'Hara, "with not one scrap of reputation. What would have been the attitude of your prodigal son, Cap'n, if he had ended up in a palace instead of a pigsty? Not a return home, I'll bet."

It's a funny thing, but the fellow had to be proud, because it was in his blood, and evil was all he had to be proud of.

"You'll fight tooth and nail to get rid of me," he said, and lounged toward the door. "Maybe as adversaries, we'd better salute and take our guard. Tomorrow we engage!"

"No," said the captain. "I'm not fighting. I'm kind of glad."

"Glad to have a hoodlum here?" asked O'Hara, lean and laughing and heartless as a shark.

"To have a white man king," returned the captain. "Killer, I have your word for it, was no fault of yours. Gambler! What's gambling but a form of daring, enterprise, the thing that makes men great, turned the wrong way around?"

"Fancying me as a convert, Cap'n?" sneered the king.

"I don't know as I am," said the captain. "Anyway, on this earth you can never run away from the goodness of God."

The king let go the latch and came back to the table. "Sorry," he said. "I'm under your roof and not being a model guest. Without prejudice to the future, would you mind very much if I flop in here?"

"Be glad," said the captain with a grin, "if you prefer me to the mosquitoes. As for this king business—any difficulties, count on me."

It set O'Hara laughing. "Don't worry," he said, "I'll make things hum when I get going. Too long have I been the underdog. I'll have the time of me life now."

The captain was at the door of his bedroom. "Dog?" he repeated, frowning over a memory that wouldn't come to him. "Why... Oh, I've got it! I knew it was Browning." He held up his hand, a way he had when quoting:

"What now? Leave now for dogs and apes

Man has forever."

Good night, King O'Hara."

Cap'n Moses stood by for three months and saw the things he had given his life to destroyed.

I'm denying nothing, extenuating nothing. It's the business of Eternity to extenuate. In his own way O'Hara ran riot in Kaparua.

The captain thanked heaven it was at least a gentleman's way. He was merrily drunk for days on end. Authority pleased him. He had been long enough around the islands, and the islanders had learned enough English from the captain for language to be no difficulty. Beyond

that, the strange way of his coming and the firm belief that the soul of old Moonyati dwelt in him made his will absolute.

He set to work on the recovery of the pearls. Heaven knows what bunkum he fed the people; but seeing as he had only to say the word and any man of Kaparua would proudly have walked up Brumea's side, over the edge of the reeking crater and down into the seething hell below, almost any kind of explanation would have done. And so, after expressing his need for the little Holland bags on the sea bottom near the break of the reef, he took men to the spot and told them to dive. They looked at him in wonder, for they knew the risk. He had taken no pains to scare off the basking shark. But with all faith one of them dived. Luckily he had his knife.

There was a swirl out of the green shadows, a swirl on the surface tinged with red. Maikitu, the diver, reappeared. "Oh, King," he said, "the devil is dead!"

They dragged him over the rock to safety, for he had now but one arm who had gone down into the sea whole, and life was spurting from the torn and stringy stump.

O'Hara rigged up a tourniquet and brought the man to the captain.

"Cap'n," he said, "here's a poor devil wounded in me service. Keep your grudge for me, but try and patch him up."

That the captain did—with one eye on the directions in the "Handy Guide", and Maikitu, little caring that he was knee-deep in the grave, grinning for all his agony. "Kitu lucky, he give an arm to God!"

King O'Hara heard that. And when Maikitu recovered (for it takes a lot to kill a native) he made him his valet.

Such demonstrations of faith worked a big magic on O'Hara's heart.

That unquestioning glad obedience, that loyalty proof against any recklessness or cruelty or injustice, was a wonderful thing. It was as a good Christian views the mysteries of war, pain, catastrophe or tempest, as hard to understand but to be patiently borne in the knowledge that in His own good time and



"I was hurrying home to turn off my iron—but now that you've delayed me, I think I AM going to a fire!"

in His hidden way the King must be right.

That was what a man shouted at the captain the night Motu Moon-yati, the king's village, burned down. Himself, his wife and children, had been snatched blistering from the flaming straw. "Shall not the Lord of all the earth do right?" he cried.

In a way it was a good thing for Motu that O'Hara, going well oiled to bed, tipped over a lamp and set the whole place on fire.

He called on the captain the next morning.

"Padre," he said, "d'you know anything about surveying?"

"I do not," returned the captain pretty short, "though a sailorman, when he has to, can set his hand to most things."

"Even saving sinners," said the king with his usual sneer. "You're doing a poor job of it, Cap'n. The eight hundred and ninety-three adult souls on the island are all idol worshippers. And I'm their joss."

The captain said nothing. The captain's a queer cuss, making his course by few lights, but I'll say this for him, he never lets the ship fall off. He said nothing.

"If I could have a survey," said the king, "I'd drain the bad lands of the fever water where the bugs breed. I'm building the new capital on piles, clear of the night mists."

"Then I'm your man," the captain said gladly, then paused. "Say, King, how did you know the number of adults in Kaparua?"

"From me headmen," said O'Hara. "I wanted to know where the people lived best, where there was sickness."

"Warming up to the job?" the captain asked eagerly.

The king laughed. "My dear, good fool, do you think I want to get bitten by a fever bug while I'm having the time of me life? If you can make that survey, why not do it?"

He went out. Up jumped the runners. Up went the palm umbrella, and soon the lusty cry, "Make way! The King!" blew faint across the clearing where the charred posts bloomed rosy in the light wind and the sulky smoke wreathed and eddied in the fire-clean ruins of the village.

The captain watched him a little, then he laughed. One of his favorite theories seemed by way of making good.

Whether the captain was right or wrong, King O'Hara couldn't get away from his belief in his own evil. Motu rose new and wholesome. You've heard the king's excuse.

He next passed a law for the treatment of garbage. "I've got a nose, if you haven't, Cap'n," quoth the king.

The swamps went, and with them a good deal we felt no sorrow for, water snakes, a host of flies, land crabs.

He had heard that when with fever the natives chewed bebeeti leaf. He grew the stuff, distilled it, and dosed them with the essence. "Every time one of them dies," was

his excuse for that one, "they kick up such a yowl with your psalm singing, Cap'n!"

Then he built roads connecting all five villages, and trained semaphore signallers to carry his word. "Do you think I want a spear in me back some day when I'm not looking?"

It was those things that made the captain think he ought to tackle the king, clear away the camouflage, point out that whatever he had been he was no bad man any more, and ask him, man to man, to haul down the Jolly Roger and fly something with a cross on it instead.

He was a long way off his reckoning.

He went to the new-built palace, the first time he had approached the king himself in nearly a year.

"Well, if it isn't the old fire-escape!" said the king. "Come to try the royal rum, Padre?"

There's another thing—O'Hara had been pretty free with what he called rum. It was fermented cocoanut milk, fierce stuff, and death to the natives once it got a hold on them. After a month or two O'Hara put a taboo on it, forbade its manufacture except under supervision, and limited its supply to headmen for use under orders in fever cases. "Think I want every buck nigger with a thirst emptying my cellar?"

"I'll take a tot," said the captain, wishing to be friendly. "But I've come to put my cards on the table," he warned.

"Meaning?" asked the king.

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"Meaning that I've been watching you pretty close," the captain said doggedly, "and whatever you've been, you're a man I'm ready and proud to serve under. Moonyati was my friend, but he didn't have your brains. Why, you've done more for Kaparua with hard work, hard thinking, self-sacrifice than—"

"Cap'n, you're Emeritus Professor of the art of mushy platitudes," broke in the king. "Do you know why I built *Beelzebub*?"

Beelzebub was a forty-foot yawl he had been working on for months. Considering he had had to train his carpenters and had little in the way of cutting irons to work with, he had done well. The captain's a sailor-man; he ought to know.

"I can guess," he said.

"Well," said the king, "I got her the way I want her now, rigged, trimmed, provisioned. I've trained her crew. They're aboard now. I found those pearls—not all of them, but more than enough for me needs. When I'm bored with this place I'll set sail for Honolulu and the long trail ho—" I guess he was going to say home, but he pulled up sharp. "For some place where a man can be happy, and no questions asked," he finished.

That was O'Hara all over. First he'd make a man twice his age look up to him as a master, then without warning he'd make himself hateful.

So the captain, chewing on his mustache, hunched over to the door and pulled the matting aside to gaze into the night, struggling to keep between his teeth hard words that were no names for a king.

At last he turned, set the whole business aside. What was the use?

"Doing a little stoking-up down below," he said. "Brumea's got his red hat on."

O'Hara nodded. "So you've noticed it?"

It had been coming on all day, if one had only noticed things. There had been a different note in the booming of the trade and a bigger smoke-cap on the mountain's head. Darkness showed the glow more fitfully.

"Perhaps," said the king drily, "you've noticed the lagoon too."

"Mud?" returned the captain. "I did. I kind of figured it was a landslide."

The water had been clouded gray for a couple of days.

The king grinned with maddening superiority. "Perhaps you're right, my dear old—"

At that the floor gave a jerk, slewed sideways on its piles, heaved and fell from under them like the dipping end of a see-saw. The captain found himself in the lee scuppers with all the junk from the floor. Some of it, lying on top of

him, was pinning him down, but he was still too stunned as yet to feel its pressure. The air had become suddenly charged with a roar of typhoon, out of which, like the backfiring of a motor, came loud booms and crashes, then rose a mighty hiss and buzz that seemed as much a feeling as a sound, rattling the teeth in his head, jarring his every nerve to a deadly paralysis. Dazedly he watched the spilled oil from the lamps flicker and lighten little spidery corners, saw one flame leap and spread to light up the drunken levels of the house, its jagged timber all aquiver with the earth that twitched and shivered like a frightened colt.

Then something gripped him, jerked him roughly by the collar. It was the king, one foot braced against the slanting floor, the other on a heavy box that only a moment before he had removed from on top of the captain. He now pulled him to his feet, and pointed to an opening in the wreckage formed by the few piles still standing under the verandah. It called for much crawling and twisting, but they finally got through, clear of the wreckage and out on the square, where the red glare of Brumea's paroxysm shone on brown figures gathering, looking to their king for help.

The darkness had passed. A fulgurant glare that lit both land and sea radiated from Brumea, where, even as they watched, a ribbon of glittering gold, spilling and dropping like a lazy stream, crawled down the shadowy slopes, circling black isles of rock, swamping them, toppling them over, creeping finally to the waiting sea that met its onrush with a tower of gleaming white steam.

"It's the end of the world!" shouted the captain, who was back on his feet again, though still a little wobbly.

"It's the end of this mud-pie, all right!" cried O'Hara. "The end of me kingdom—me reign, eh, Cap'n?" He laughed harshly—indecently, thought the captain—and added, "Who in hell wants to be king, anyway!" He snapped his fingers in a gesture that seemed to take in the whole island, including—or so the captain thought—everybody on it.

Inwardly raging, the captain clutched at his arm. "We're safe here for the time being," he shouted, pitching his voice to pierce the boom of the elements. "I don't know what you're going to do, but I'm going to get the people in from the other side."

"Suit yourself," cried O'Hara. "Me, I'm off for the *Beelzebub*."

"Judas!" screamed the captain, livid with rage and contempt. He turned, beckoning to any man who would follow, and started up the broad highway the king had built.

It was a night of terror. The captain dropped his five men one by one at the forkings of the road with instructions to bring all the people to Motu—the farthest of the villages from the volcano and the most favorably situated in the event of a rescue coming from the sea. Not that the captain considered such a thing as a ship coming to their rescue as a possibility, for, as a matter of fact, he never considered the question at all. In other days, when he was still just a sailorman, depending not on Providence but on his instruments and experience to solve the daily problems of a shipmaster, he would

have faced the situation squarely and decided that, barring a rescue from the sea, the whole ship's company of Kaparua was doomed. Doomed because Kaparua was doomed, and to a death which, if necessary, he could have diagnosed in advance, as due to both smothering and drowning. For he would have had no doubts that, even before Brumea had completely covered the island with its deadly pall, the sea, swollen and angry, would be up and all over the place with its obliterating mantle. However, these were other days, and the man who had quit the sea and come to Kaparua was no longer steering by those lights. Faith now being his only compass, he could see no reason why a Providence that had so unfailingly protected him through those dangerous years at sea should suddenly let him down now. Or so, at least, he would have told you had you met him on that road that night and brought the question up. For as for himself, he wasn't even



"I'll do the best I can, but remember, these are not my clubs."

thinking about it—took it, as a matter of fact, all for granted—for his only preoccupation at the moment was in getting all the people together in Motu, where they could all join in prayer to their God and sing the hymns he had taught them.

Which was far from an easy task, as they were soon to find out when gone a little way. The road was full of unexpected chasms. Fallen palms lumbered it. Water, spilled from wrecked streams and lakes, had turned parts of it into swamps—and they had the terror of Brumea for a torch. Four miles out they ran into a hail of cinders that burned their skin and caused their eyes and throat to smart. Yet, strangely, their pilgrimage was to prove of little good, for on the way each messenger met the marshalled villagers—man, woman and child—fleeing from death—all except those of Saré, the closest of the villages to the inferno, and toward which they pushed on with dogged determination, though only to find, when they got there, that Saré was no more, might never have been.

WHEN dawn swooped down from the east and turned the sky to gray they came into Motu like men walking in their sleep, a band forlorn, hopeless, tottering, bespattered with wet ashes.

The first man they saw as they came into the square was the headman of Saré. They stared at him as though at a ghost.

"How did you get here?" the captain gasped at him.

"Captain," said the headman, "the earth yawned and all my people were near buried. So we prayed to God with 'Few More Years Shall Roll', and up come king in his boat *Beelzebub* and take every man jack aboard."

"Where is the king?" asked the captain.

The headman grinned. "He no come back. He gave Kilti, his brother, the shell raiment. He gave a message for you, Cap'n."

"Where's Kilti?"

At the words the brother of old Moonyati was raised out of the whirling gray. He had a bundle on his back.

"Captain," he said, "I go with my brother, the king, to Saré and take all the people off. Then King O'Hara say 'Tootleloo'. He has gone to the mountain."

"To the mountain?" The captain stared, white-faced, incredulous.

"He said that if he come not back before sundown he come not back at all."

The captain nodded—he couldn't speak. The mountain was a seething hell of lava.

"The king said that if he come not back I, his brother, must give the shell shawl and the pearls to you, Cap'n. You take his place. The king said big gray boats could not be kings."

"Big gray boats?" queried the captain, not understanding.

"The king said he might turn himself to the likeness of a big gray boat to take all his little people from the anger of Brumea." Kilti rolled his eyes in his effort to remember. "And then the king, my brother, said, 'Tell the captain that I owe him thanks for showing me how to climb above the clouds and be a signal. I am glad.'"

"To climb above the clouds." The captain could make nothing of it. With his mind in a whirl, and the word "Judas" stabbing at his heart, he pounded down to the shore.

The *Beelzebub*, with her rigging still aflame, had been rammed nose on to the beach, a narrow escape. Then the captain noticed something else—two charred posts that had been the piles of a hut just barely protruding out of the sea. The water had crawled up a good ten feet. The whole island was settling down. . .

I can never put on paper the terror and the agony that followed upon that discovery. For perhaps a mile each side of Motu the captain had his most trusted men herding the desperate islanders ever and ever uphill as the water rose, while the valleys filled and cut them off and the gray mushrooms that had been palms went under in the ash-strewn sea, in the gray twilight, under the drumming rain.

The rumbling had ceased. Having done its work, Brumea was quiet again—yet not entirely, for a lazy stream of lava could still be seen sliding down her slopes and meeting the sea in a rosy column of steam.

They had been driven to the highest point on the island, with here and there a few stragglers cut off by themselves on little islands, standing knee-deep and waist-deep in water that was rising before their very eyes. They couldn't tell the color of the sky. Except for the distant hiss of the steam all was still—still. Only now and then they sang—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

"Nearer to Thee!"

The captain remembers that it was right on the words—"E'en though it be a cross. . ." that they heard the hail, "Island, ahoy!"

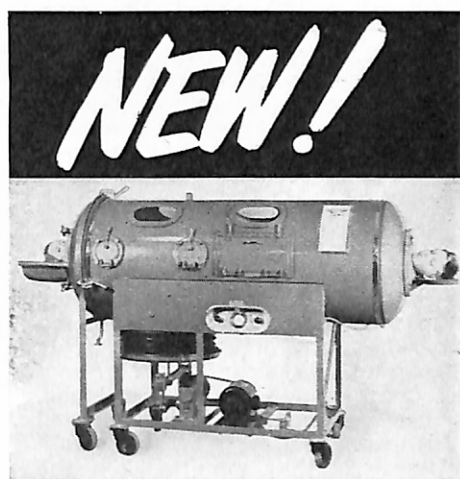
He ran to meet the voice, caught a glimpse of white service uniforms in the mist. He saw a gig and a lifeboat standing in with Union Jacks on their bows. Somewhere out of the gray loomed the white of a pinnacle nosing in.

"What ship's that?" shouted the captain.

"His Majesty's ship *Rover*," called back a voice. "Do you want to be taken off?"

The captain wept.

THEY handled it navy fashion. Three trips were made with the boats and five with the pinnacle and finally every brown soul on the island—yes, and three new-born—were slopping around the *Rover's* decks, where she lay as close in as she dared. Finally the captain piloted the pinnacle over the backbone of Kaparua before they gave over.



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"All aboard?" asked the gunboat's captain when he got back. "We're rather in a ticklish spot here. We shall have to go by the lead. So I'll be glad to haul out for Vaiti as soon as the job's done."

"All aboard, sir," said Captain Moses, "How did you find us?"

"You are running this show," said the Royal Navy man. "You ought to know. We raised the light of your eruption last night. We sailed around you three times and never saw a soul for the smoke. We were turning away when we caught a signal from halfway up the volcano. A man on a rock, clear above the steam-clouds, outlined against the glow. He flagged us with his arms. Didn't you know?"

"Where is that man," asked the captain fiercely. "Did you get him?"

"We're not made of asbestos," re-

turned the officer. "However he got there I don't know, but the rock he was on was just an island in the lava stream. Who is Captain Moses?"

"That's me, sir."

The captain of the gunboat frowned. "After he had signaled us your position," he said, "he spelled out, 'Very important. Tell Captain Moses I owed a lot to him and Kaparua. Tell him I spotted you from the *Beelzebub* standing out from Motu, but Saré could not wait. I see rescue from above the smoke.'"

NINE months later Captain Moses went back to see if there was anything for his people to return to. Brumea had turned the tap off. A new island had come out of the sea, shaped like a star. Green stuff was already springing in the ashes.

But on the top of a hard rock he found a heap of ashes that had coagulated into a stone shaped roughly like a huddled body, with arms shielding head and eyes.

When he brought the people back he placed a fence around it, and no man approaches there without such reverence as when he enters a church.

But the people have grown more experienced, more knowing from their stay in other places. They are not quite so child-like. So varied reports run about King O'Hara. Some think that he was an angel of God, and some still hold him to have been the soul of old King Moonyati, while some say that he was only a common man like you and me.

But, merciful Heaven, how long shall remorse burn like a fire in my heart for the word "Judas"?

—"a Cup of Coffee, Bud."

(Continued from page 15)

a special glass that keeps the coffee hot over the flame without harmful boiling.

The clear, ripe cherry liquid we see today in a good cup of coffee is a far cry from the brown soup that was coffee to the ancient Arab. Mohammed and his men were so impressed by the aroma of the coffee bean that they tossed handfuls in cold water, let them soak for hours and drank the unappetizing result. Then, according to coffee expert, W. H. Ukers, some lad brighter than the rest thought of roasting the beans. Pounding them into a fine powder was the next logical step. The powder was then "cooked" in boiling water and the crude brew quaffed, grounds and all. Beginners said the stuff was strong enough to scrape the Vodka-proofed throat of a Cossack.

Not long after coffee began to be commonly drunk by the Arabs, tyrannical rulers were alarmed to see that it led subjects to think. This was a hell of a note. For the subjects began to think of the corruption and tyranny of their rulers and began to discuss ways and means of putting through some reforms. No dictator wants people to think; the obvious solution was to forbid this mental stimulant and let the populace go back to sleep, content, on wine.

With this in view, Kair Bey, ruler of Mecca in the 16th century, clamped a ban on the sale and drinking of coffee. To make it look as though it were in the interest of public health, the Bey got a couple of local quacks to say, "Coffee is bad for you." Inadvertently, the Bey was the instigator of that popular Prohibition joint, the speakeasy, for, driven underground, the coffee vendors opened up secret cafés where a cautious caliph could cadge a cup behind barred doors. Kair Bey, like other tyrants, came to a bad end. Exposed as an extortioner and robber, he was bumped off by his own brother, as

neat a bit of fratricide as ever the Shah did see. The two Persian quacks also had appointments in Samarra. Discredited in Mecca, they fled to Cairo where they indiscreetly made some remarks about the emperor of the Turks, a capital offense at the time because the emperor had just successfully invaded Egypt.

A decade or so later, trouble broke out again when a fanatical dervish whirled out of a mosque and so worked up his audience against coffee that they invaded nearby cafés, upset pots and cups and beat the caffeine out of the drinkers. Other dervishes spun into their dance and coffee was again forbidden. Off again, on again went the ban, the last suppression being when a sadist named Kuprili had second offenders sewn in a leather bag and heaved, gasping and wriggling, into the Bosphorous—rather harsh punishment for drinking a cup of coffee. One hundred years later Charles II of England was to close coffee houses in London.

Charles II called the coffee houses "seminaries of sedition". His majesty was of the unoriginal opinion



that when people drank coffee they talked too much and their tone lacked the proper respect for the royal law and order. Public outcry against the royal ban was so fierce that it lasted but ten days.

In the 17th and 18th century, the fascinating history of London and Paris was the history of coffee houses. Disraeli said, "Before the invention of clubs, the history of the coffee houses was that of the manners, the morals and the politics of the people." They were the haunts of such literary greats as Pope, Dryden and Fielding in London, and Voltaire, Rousseau and Balzac in Paris. Both London and Paris had two distinctive cafés where the wits of the day gathered and dilettantes, while simulating intense interest in their neighbor's conversation, racked their brains for an epigram or *bon mot* that would catch the company's fancy. The clever clique in London gathered at Will's, much to the contempt of Jonathan Swift who wrote:

"Be sure at Will's the following day,
Lie snug and hear what critics say
And if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle."

Across the Channel in Paris, Montesquieu was giving the same dose to the local café which enjoyed a similar reputation: "There is one in which they prepare the coffee in such a manner that it inspires the drinkers of it with wit; at least, of all those who frequent it, there is not one person in four who does not think that he has more wit after he has entered that house. But what offends me in these wits is that they do not make themselves useful to their country."

We'll have to face the sad fact that there are no coffee houses of the old tradition left today. Tea gardens and private clubs undermined the English coffee houses. The last war practically killed the *vunderbar* Viennese cafés like Sacher's, where you could have a delicious "mélange", two parts coffee, one part milk, topped off with a beautiful crown of whipped cream and a piece of featherlight sponge cake called Kugelhupf. Today, as in the last war, Viennese cafés are undoubtedly serving a pitiful ersatz brew, diluted with condensed milk. The cheerful cafe life of Paris was blacked out by the blitzkrieg. In fact, New York is really the only great cosmopolitan city today where cafés could exist, but the only approach to the old type coffee house is a newspaperman's hangout called Bleek's, to which Swift's piece on Will's could aptly apply.

In merrie old England the royal ban against coffee was wisely lifted. As one observer said, "A battle for freedom of speech was fought and won over this question at a time when Parliaments were infrequent and when the liberty of the press did not exist." But in France and America freedom of speech in coffee houses exploded in violent revolution and the destinies of continents changed for centuries to come.

According to Daniel Webster, a coffee house in Boston called the Green Dragon, was the "headquarters of the revolution". Here met General Warren, John Adams, James Otis and Paul Revere as a ways and means committee to break the cord linking them with the English throne. Here in old Boston came a momentous date in the history of coffee. When, in 1773, a group of citizens disguised as Indians boarded English ships lying in the harbor and threw their cargoes of tea overboard, the meaning of the act was literal: tea was overboard. Associated with an arrogant, aristocratic England, it regurgitated in the throats of American patriots. Gradually, it stole back to its place at the American table but never could it regain its once pre-eminent position.

MANY countries had developed a taste for coffee in the 18th century, but only one country, Holland, had been successful in colonizing it. The Dutch had transplanted the coffee shrub from Arabia to the East Indies. In the West Indies, on the island of Martinique—still controlled at this writing by the Vichy government—Gabriel de Clieu pondered, in his abundant spare time, on the possibility of growing coffee in the warm, salt air of the French Antilles. Home to France on furlough, de Clieu found that though many people drank coffee, it was in-

variably from Arabia or the Dutch East Indies. The few bags grown in the royal hot-houses for the King and his voluptuous concubines were looked upon as part of the crown jewels. Speaking silkily here and making love there, de Clieu succeeded in getting a cutting from the King's coffee plants and started back to Martinique. His troubles were just beginning.

THE captain's treasure was carried in a glass box where it could be kept warm under the rays of the sun. De Clieu placed it tenderly on a sheltered part of the deck and sat down beside it to keep watch. Before long he noticed one of his fellow passengers covetously eying the box. De Clieu moved a little nearer to his precious plant. The passenger came forward and said something about how good salt air was for the appetite. De Clieu noted suspiciously that the man spoke with a Dutch accent. Presently the Dutchman went below. De Clieu, lulled by the gentle motion of the ship, dozed off. When he awoke he saw to his horror that the box had been opened and one of the shoots broken. Sabotage! The French patriot leapt to his feet, sought out the Dutchman and challenged him. Terrified, the Dutchman fled, tripping over belaying-pins and French idioms, hotly pursued from port to poop by de Clieu's unsheathed sword. Eventually ship's officers saved the Dutchman from being run through and to preserve his own skin he skipped ship at Madeira. Captain de Clieu did not go into the cad's motives in his diary, but it's fairly obvious that the man was either a Dutch East Indies scout or an emissary from the Tea Trust.

On the following day de Clieu's barquentine was attacked by a Barbary corsair. Balls flew through the rigging for hours until the appearance of a Spanish galley frightened off the pirate. Then came a gale that tried to rinse the ocean of everything afloat on its surface and after this a calm that flattened the turbulent seas into a glassy millpond. The sails of the barquentine hung limp, food and water shrank. Like the true hero he was, de Clieu shared his water ration with his delicate charge. Finally a wind came up and ten days later the lookout sighted the welcome palm leaves of Martinique against the blue, tropical sky. With a gesture of joyful triumph Gabriel de Clieu lifted his vital plant off the deck and showed it its new home. Coffee for the Western Hemisphere, coffee that would give Brazil and Colombia a great new industry; coffee that would indispensably start your day and mine, Bud; coffee, the delectable luxury drink of the old world that the new world was to make its staple.

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Primer for Sporting Dubs

(Continued from page 11)

self as the sterling, or horrible, example of the everlasting benefits to be derived from following advice herein contained. If I should attempt to navigate at a pace faster than a sedate walk, I would break down and would have to be destroyed like an old, spavined plug. If, after all these years, I tried to catch a beanbag thrown underhand by someone's kid sister, I undoubtedly would be struck between the eyes by the dam' thing. Place one million dollars in shiny, new coins on the opposite bank of a pond twenty feet in diameter and I will drown, quietly and thoroughly, trying to reach the dough. Were I to swing a tennis bat, I would give off sounds reminiscent of a door opening in a haunted house. I have not touched a golf club for many years, since that epic day I hurled my driver farther than I had hit the ball, an experience I share with the members of a large family whose name is Legion.

But I am recognized as an Authority.

Everywhere I go people hang upon my every word in things athletic. If the truth were known, garlands of garlic would be hung around my neck. I am not an Authority; I never will be. I know no more about Mr. Robert Feller's arm than he knows about mine. If, by some stroke of sheer, giddy luck, I happen to pick the winner of a fight or a football game, I do it by going against my worst judgment deliberately. I couldn't make the second hop-scotch team in a school for backward, undernourished children. But I am an Expert. I know all the answers, or so they tell me. I am even paid for being a source of misinformation. America is a wonderful country.

You, too, can be an Authority. What man hath done, man can do. There's nothing to it, really. All you have to do is:

SIT and SNEER.

That's right. Sit resolutely on your broadening beam and refuse to permit yourself to be betrayed by a false motion, which also will be awkward. Sneer roundly and loudly at the ludicrous efforts of your friends who have a crazy idea that active participation in sports is good for them.

While you are sitting and sneering, you must be dreaming up explanations, all phony, against the dreaded day you succumb in a moment of weakness to the lure of the great outdoors and subsequently unmask yourself as the chump

you undoubtedly are. A good serviceable list of such explanations, which cover all ordinary situations, is included in this one easy lesson for dubs, but before we get to them, there are a few general rules which must be observed.

Never, never buy a piece of athletic equipment. Ownership leads to temptation which, in turn, leads to swift exposure. Also, if you own no tools you always have a lovely, ready-made 'out' prepared for the day you are bullied or cajoled into appearing on the field of manly combat. You can blame your clownish efforts on the borrowed tools and every right-thinking American will sympathize with you.

There is a variation, or refinement, of this idea which is so revolutionary that I may patent it: Become a left-hander. Golf clubs and baseball gloves for left-handers are so scarce that it is unlikely a well-meaning fiend who presses borrowed equipment on you will have same. In tennis, pool, bowling and other sports in which there is no difference in the construction of the tools, all you have to do is utter wild cries, take furious swipes at the ball and, in general, act like the traditional screwball southpaw and people presently will express a desire to be elsewhere. Besides, turning left-hander may be a great help. What good did your right-handedness ever do you?

Another good gag is the acquisi-

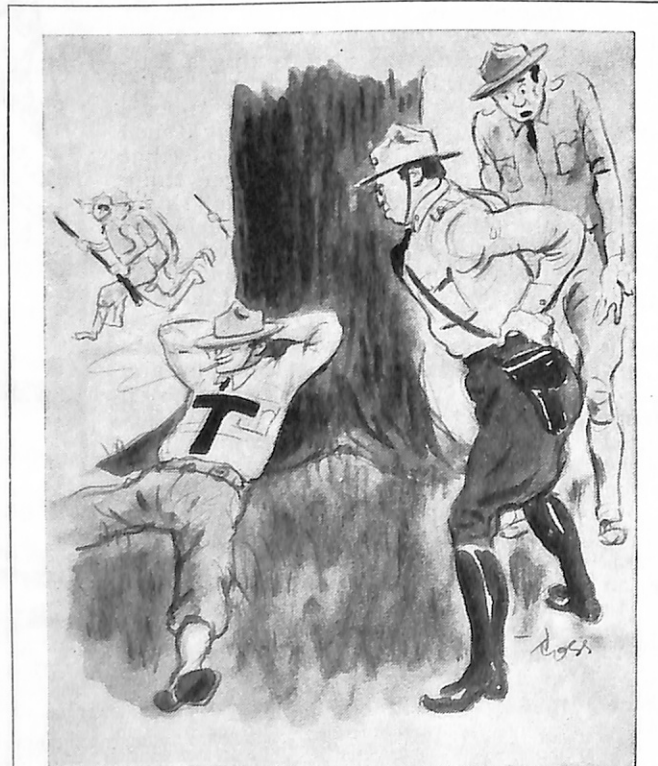
tion of a mysterious misery which acts up at the mere mention of physical exertion. A neuralgic twinge in the shoulder will do splendidly for all normal purposes. A trick knee also comes in handy. The rigid rule against the purchase of athletic equipment can be relaxed to the extent of buying a 50-cent elastic bandage for the ankle which, combined with a painful limp at the first sign of danger, can work wonders, particularly if you describe it—with a brave smile—as an old football accident. Only a cad will remember that your closest approach to a football injury was the time you stepped on an empty whisky bottle and nearly broke your neck.

A trick which never fails to impress an audience is the suggestion that you are a jerk-of-all-trades, so all-fired adept at all games that you get hopelessly balled up trying to remember the principles which govern each one. If, for example, you flub a golf shot, laugh negligently and say you were showing the boys at the office how DiMaggio hits a curve. If you are inveigled into a badminton game and proceed to knock the bird out of sight and mind, merely state with dignity and assurance that you thought you were playing tennis. Then go on to explain the subtle difference between the strokes required by each game. Nobody will know what you're talking about anyway.

When all these sly, Spartan measures fail, you always can fall back upon the sit and sneer technique, which is the basis of the Formula. The sitting part is as easy as it is obvious. You cannot exert yourself in a sitting position, but if you are forced to get up on your hind legs, by treachery or dynamite, a good, ringing sneer will save you from much embarrassment. This requires some artistry and imagination but on the whole it is easier, and less wearing, than learning how to play the silly games.

Don't hesitate to sneer at yourself. This automatically stamps you as a brooding perfectionist, a fellow impatient with mediocrity. It also gives you the privilege of sneering at the ineptitude of your opponents without fear of reprisal. If you are comparing yourself with Snead, Budge, Ruth or Weismuller, depending on the sport, your abashed opponents hardly will have the everlasting gall to point out they are beating the pants off you.

The sneering should be



"He claims he's a tank—and he's out of gas."

loudest and most abusive on those rare occasions you happen to make a fairly decent shot or play. If you violate every tenet of golf, wrap the club around your neck, lurch at the ball and, in spite of it all, belt the ball two hundred and fifty yards down the middle of the fairway, immediately profess great disgust with yourself. Berate yourself bitterly for failure to follow through properly or to study the terrain for maximum roll. Explain why and how Sarazen would have gotten seventeen more feet with the same drive.

No tennis player beyond the exclusive limits of the first ten in the national rankings owns a good backhand; that's axiomatic. A sizzling backhand blow is, therefore, a sheer accident. To dissipate the suspicion that you are a lucky stiff on the one occasion during a set you return a ball hit to your wrong side, quickly and fluently explain that the shot would have been even better had you used the Western grip. Nobody will care to exhibit his vast ignorance by inquiring after the difference between the Western and Eastern grips.

Play everything the hard, bold way. In croquet, don't play the conventional position game. Go all out; wind up and smack the ball as hard as you can. If you land in the neighboring radish bed, indicate you have nothing but contempt for people who are satisfied with safety-first methods. If, after an interminable period, you finally get on the green forty feet from the cup, don't play for the customary three putts and one prayer. Try to sink the ball with your first putt. You don't know where the ball is going anyway. It may hit a heel-print and stagger into the cup. Thereupon loud, ecstatic noises will burst from the assemblage and you will be a hero forevermore. If the putt travels as you lined it up and plops into a trap, you can express once again your great disdain for unimaginative characters who are afraid to live dangerously.

Make every move a picture. When you swim, keep your head in the water, even though it chokes you, and thrash your arms rhythmically. Nobody will notice you are making no progress whatever. When you run after a shot on the tennis court, keep the knees high, the back straight and the wrist cocked prettily. As long as you are predestined to be a dub, you might as well be a graceful dub. Give out with the old body English in table tennis and people will admire your technique, if not your results, which is a lot more than you'd get, at that, if you concentrated on results.

Blast everyone and everything in sight and you will be the death of the party, which is the far-reaching purpose of the Formula. There is one serious danger involved, however. You may become enchanted by the sound of your own voice and believe you are an Authority. That's bad. You will then become a real, honest-to-George fake. You may even get delusions all over again.

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Secretaries and Lodge Correspondents Please Note

The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. There are, of course, the limitations of space and that all important problem of time. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you each month.

Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the September issue should reach us by July 15th.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY NEWCOMERTOWN, OHIO



This 50' x 80' fireproof building, splendidly located on trunk line Ohio and U.S. Auto Routes can be purchased for one-fourth its original \$65,000. cost. The exterior is practically completed and all floors, rough plumbing, wiring and stairways have been installed.

Newcomertown has a population exceeding 5000—has 3 factories, 3 fine schools and is served by two railroads. There is no hotel here and the nearest modern hotel is 15 miles away.

Our Lodge has cash to purchase this building. We want a practical hotel man to join us financially to finish the building and operate it as a hotel of thirty rooms on two floors. The Lodge will occupy the 4th floor.

Barber and Beauty Shop in basement. One store room and Lobby, Restaurant, Grill and Kitchen on first floor. Can show \$2000. annual income, exclusive of hotel. For information, write:—Trustees of Elks Lodge No. 1555, Newcomertown, Ohio.

What America is Reading

(Continued from page 10)

an Indian dialect, who were ready to act out his story. The film tells how Juan Diego tries to bring medical help to the little village of Santiago to heal his ailing sister, but the wise woman fights the doctors and even Juan's parents turn against him. But the doctor proves that sickness comes from contaminated wells and heals the children. Dialogue could not be used, but the running comment by Burgess Meredith is published with the pictures. Mr. Steinbeck says, "The villagers themselves were handsome and courteous and friendly; they had great dignity and flair and they were very poor, unbelievably poor." He feels that he has made "a true and dramatic film." (Viking Press, \$2.50)

OUR military and naval experts are beginning to size up Japan as an enemy and the public will be able to play the war game of the Pacific with a little information about ships, bases and strategy. Capt. W. D. Puleston, former head of the Naval Intelligence Service, and liaison officer with the Japanese navy in 1917, provides the opportunity in his new book, "The Armed Forces of the Pacific", which describes the military and naval power of the United States and Japan. Capt. Puleston is a big-navy man; he believes in the necessity of a two-ocean navy and he considers large battleships "almost unsinkable". He also believes in taking a firm stand against Japan's unlimited expansion in Asia, even at the risk of war, for "war itself will be no more disastrous to the American way of life than a prolonged armament race with Germany and Japan, followed by an armed truce of indefinite duration". He considers the American navy greatly superior to the Japanese, but if it is transferred to the Atlantic Japan will be free to invade Malaya, Australasia and the Philippines. With the American army and navy in Luzon, supplied by airplanes, Japan is checked, and as the main trade lines can be cut an invasion will not be necessary. Capt. Puleston is not for war—he wants us to make every effort to convince Japan that we are no obstacle to her legitimate needs for markets and materials, and that Japan can do better with the British-American combination in the East than with the Russian or German.

However, in the event of war, "whatever temporary successes Japan might have in the western Pacific, her final defeat would be inevitable". Thus this book conveys information to us and a warning to the Japanese. (Yale University Press, \$2.75)

AMERICAN life, with its social problems, its light and shade, its romance and ambition and achievement, remains the major subject for American novelists. The new books are packed with it. One author finds an exciting theme in thirty years of small-town life, showing how the ups and downs of fortune affect its people; another takes a small segment of New York City and, by telling stories in the funny dialect of the Bronx, gives us a new slice of American humor.

YOU'LL find the first in "Something of a Hero", by I. J. Kapstein, a young associate professor of English at Brown University. His story deals with John Cantrell, the Civil War veteran, from the days of McKinley to the days of Hoover; it tells how the bank of the Cantrells faced two crises in that time, and how the little people of the town, who had all sorts of national backgrounds—New England, Italian, German, Armenian, and so on, fared. The shift in emphasis on money—from the old days when everybody wanted money and

didn't care how it came, to the newer day when people have to be satisfied with less, stand together and help one another, runs in the threads of a story that has a lot of interesting and exciting young fellows in it—for the author is good at describing the lives of growing lads and swings their vernacular in a way you wouldn't expect from a college professor. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.75)

THE lingo of the Bronx decorates Arthur Kober's new book, "My Dear Bella", all about Bella and Pa and Ma Gross, in a dialect that comes natural to Arthur Kober, who wrote "Having Wonderful Time". Pa Gross is an economical fellow; he fights with the delicatessen man who won't give him any "mustidd" free with his "corn biff". He argues with the "bobbba" who wants him to have a shave as well as a haircut. "The shave I can make myself," says he, "Just the plain hairkit I like. A bobbashop is when I'm gung to a poddy udder a wedding. Is tonight no poddy and is no wedding." Bella has trouble getting her parents to live up to her social ambitions and complains that she cannot entertain her company properly in the house. "Children!" says Pa Gross. "It pays yet to have children. A persin dassent say two woids without right away is here in house a fight." That's another side of America. (Random House, \$2)

Sally Benson's America is the everyday family—that is, the normal, average, unspectacular family. That such a family can be entertaining is proved in her book, "Junior Miss", dealing with a girl of the awkward age, her sister and her parents. Miss Benson doesn't sentimentalize or distort her story, but anyone who has read her stories of hotel and apartment house life knows that her wit is in characterization, in the way she portrays people. This, too, is American life. Miss Benson is a native of St. Louis and a resident of New York, and has been a newspaper interviewer, a movie critic and a secretary in a bank.

WHERE do all the mystery and adventure stories come from? About thirty new ones a month—the authors have to work hard to think up plots that the regular mystery fan can't crack before the last page. Among the



"I saw them once. They're no bigger than ordinary sized men."

new ones, "Military Intelligence", by Van Wyck Mason, is a book of three spy adventures revolving around the activities of Hugh North — "The Washington Legation Murders", "The Singapore Exile Murders", and the "Hong Kong Airbase Murders". This has been highly praised by readers hard to please. (Stokes, \$2.50). "The Twenty-one Clues", by J. J. Connington is typical of carefully built British murder mysteries and deals with the investigation of the deaths of a clergyman and a lovely young woman. (Little, Brown, \$2) "Many Murders", by Inez Haynes Irwin has plenty of killing in it, and the tale is well told. (Random House, \$2)

DIPPING into the history of other centuries, we come to the conclusion that mankind never has done anything the easy, logical way. The book called "Catherine of Aragon", by Garrett Mattingly, may be about a woman, but it is also about a turbulent, incredible period in the history of England and Europe. Catherine was the queen of Henry VIII, and we know so little about her that most of us think she was beheaded by Henry to make room for somebody else. As a matter of fact she died a natural death, but her marriage and divorce precipitated the Reformation in England and the bloody persecutions that followed, leading to religious upheavals that lasted several hundred years. And her story, as here told, is packed with intrigue, with diplomatic chicanery, with bickering and arguing, for she was Henry's wife for 24 years, and she made a deeper impression on English history than Anne Boleyn and all the other wives that Henry had. This period has been ably explored by Francis Hackett; Mr. Mattingly gives new evidence, and those who want to forget the present by dipping into the troubles of the past, will find Catherine's story ample opportunity. (Little, Brown, \$3.50)

NOBODY thinks of vacation trips inside the 48 states without considering the national parks, and the railroads are making special efforts to turn many visitors in that direction this year. Most helpful will be the two volumes of "Our Country's National Parks", by Irving R. Melbo, (Bobbs Merrill, \$2) which have large readable pages—good to read on a train or in your motor car, with many illustrations. Anecdotes telling how the parks were found and explored and what befell there heighten the interest of the text. The first volume takes up Yellowstone, Carlsbad, Mammoth Cave, Hot Springs, Shenandoah, Great Smoky, Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon, Mesa Verde and several others; the second volume describes Yosemite, Sequoia, Grand Teton, Glacier, Crater Lake, Mount Rainier and other parks near them.

REX BEACH'S rambling autobiography, "Personal Exposure", is filled with good anecdotes and a live-

ly, wise-cracking style; those who have followed Mr. Beach's robust stories since the days of "The Spoilers" will get a lot of satisfaction reading it. Rex Beach was a pioneer in the Klondike but he didn't strike gold until he began to write stories about it. He was a pioneer in the motion picture, too; he began writing for it when Rudolph Valentino was the hero of all women, and he put Will Rogers into one of his stories at the suggestion of his wife. The story was "Laughing Bill Hyde", and when Mr. Beach suggested that Rogers play the part of the cowboy he demurred. "I ain't purty enough for pictures," said Rogers, "I'd up and ruin it for you." But he made an excellent film actor; Mr. Beach testifies that "at the death of his buddy he wept like a schoolboy and without the aid of an eye-dropper." He wrote a plot for Rudolph Valentino and Rudy liked it, but the producers preferred to have plenty of love-making, so that the women would go wild over Rudy. Says Mr. Beach, "They squirmed over him, they licked off his makeup; they kissed him until he was whiter than a washerwoman's thumb. Incidentally, they kissed me into about \$80,000." Mr. Beach had no trouble making money by writing and he is inclined to look down his nose at those who can't make good. You have to use a soft pencil, says he, "It is difficult to make an easy living with a hard pencil. As for a typewriter—phooey! A lot of literary big shots, gouty from high living, never used one." (Harper, \$2.75)

TIPS on new novels. The war is beginning to stimulate the imagination of authors. It is responsible for Eric Knight's "This Above All", which tells the story of how two young English people, a poor lad who took part in the retreat from Dunkirk, and a girl from the upper middle-class who has joined the W. A. A. F., adjust themselves to the changing ways and ideas of war-time England. It is primarily a love-story, but it is also the story of how a young man, whose spirits have been demoralized and who isn't sure of himself, gets back his courage. This is the frank, unashamed youth of today, the youth that will have to carry the burdens of tomorrow's world. Mr. Knight is an excellent story-teller and although he lets the lovers get a little long-winded at times, that is the privilege of lovers. (Harper, \$2.50)

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S new story, "Up at the Villa", is really a long short story or a novellette. It is a swift-moving scenario, about Mary Panton, an English widow living near Florence. A British official, who has just been made governor of Bengal, wants to marry her, and his social position appeals to her; Rowley, a playboy, wants to marry her, and she laughs him off while she dallies with an Austrian émigré for an evening's adventure. But a man

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is found dead in her bedroom, and that's where Mr. Maugham's ingenuity gets to work. (Doubleday, Doran, \$1.75)

It goes without saying that the depression years have given us new ideas about the value and usefulness of money. The 20th century, which scattered wealth more widely than any other period, has also managed to get rid of a great deal of it by invisible means. As a result the chase after gold seems less alluring and the people who have heaps of it seem less lucky. You get this impression especially when you read what money did to the Astors in the last century and the early years of this. As Harvey O'Connor tells the history in "The Astors", there were Astors who were so conscious of the privileges of wealth that they became aristocrats and sought to end all ties with the common people except the

collection of rent. There were others who became aware that a great many people didn't make both ends meet. Mr. O'Connor, who has no sympathetic interest in the Astors but writes much as Gustavus Myers does, portrays the tragic dilemma of William Waldorf Astor, who lived for years in England, became a British subject, spent his money lavishly on castles and newspapers, and won a title only after he had given away huge amounts of money to war charities. That was the aristocrat of the family, who had built the Waldorf-Astoria hotel on Fifth Avenue and 34th Street in New York City, the Netherlands, near Central Park, and the Astor on Times Square. Vincent Astor, inheriting \$70,000,000 at the age of 20 when his father, Col. John Jacob Astor, lost his life in the *Titanic* disaster, gained a clear insight into the problems of a land-

lord in New York City. He tore down or sold some of the buildings with which the Astor fortune had been associated and erected others, got rid of slum properties and marched with the times. It was the present generation of the Astors that was to experience the great scaling down of wealth: in Britain by the war and in the United States by the taxes that came with the Roosevelt administration. Since Vincent Astor had no heir, a reporter asked what would become of the Astor estate. Vincent replied, "How do you know there will be any to give away? The inheritance and other taxes might wipe it out and Uncle Sam get it all." Thus, though this is primarily a book about personalities, it is also a study of the changing uses of money, and the effect of the high taxes on a great fortune. (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., \$3.75)

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 16)

back to camp for lunch, and, when the latter returned with food, only paused in his casting long enough to munch a couple of sandwiches. By this time he'd tossed something like 50 different flies at the fish, but without result. He was still casting when darkness fell. At two o'clock the next morning, after trying at least 100 different lures, he finally hooked the salmon on a battered old White Miller. He played the fish an hour and finally lost it when the leader parted.

The landlock's origin is something of an enigma. However, most fish savants are agreed the Sebago salmon originally came up from the sea to spawn, and, as a result of some vast prehistoric upheaval, found its return journey to the ocean barred. This prank of nature, which occurred before the dawn of history, has made angling history possible for sportsmen millions of years later.

This fastidious fighter flourishes only in clear, cold water, and is taken by both trolling and casting methods. A fly rod and gaudy streamer afford the sportiest fishing, in the opinion of most, although when conditions are right, dry-fly fishing in connecting waterways is something to write home about, too. These waterways between lakes, almost invariably fished from a boat or canoe, are migratory thoroughfares for both salmon and trout. When a good run of fish is passing through, the sport is really something.

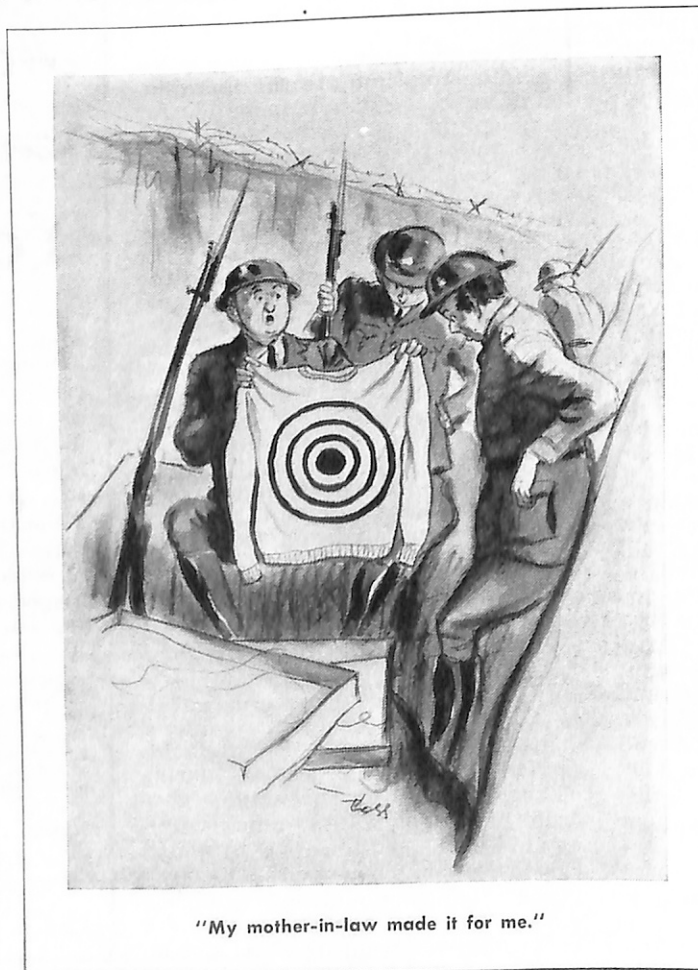
When casting a streamer fly for salmon the trick is

to impart an alluring action to the artificial by a series of rod twitches—the idea being to simulate a smelt's darts and wiggles. Once this technique is mastered, it's no trick to catch fish. Recently, at Gordon Fraser's Inlet Camp, up on Square Lake, Herb Welch took and released nine salmon and trout on the Home Pool after other anglers had given up. It's all in knowing how.

Maine recently has introduced the Chinook salmon from the West Coast for the purpose of adding a bit of variety to the State's angling menu. These aliens seem to be doing well. It's doubtful, however, if the landlocked Chinook ever will supplant the Sebago in popular favor. Incidentally, an interesting angle in connection with recent Chinook propagation came to light a

year ago when a number of these large fish entered two of Maine's coastal rivers from the Atlantic Ocean. Fish and game authorities were puzzled, not to say astonished, until someone remembered that a flood several years before had washed out some hatchery rearing ponds which held fingerling Chinooks. These little fellows were swept downstream to the sea. Last season's mature salmon unquestionably were the escaped fingerlings of several years ago. Pine Tree Staters now have hopes of establishing a Chinook run.

A close second in popular esteem are Maine's beautifully colored square-tail trout. These scrappers are distributed everywhere; you're just as likely to snaffle a five-pounder within a stone's throw of a well-traveled highway as from a wilderness pond. And they have millions of acres of wilderness land in Maine, friend—a huge area of woods, lakes, streams and ponds where the festive flivver goeth not. Either you pack or fly in; there are no motor roads. Which explains why the angling in this region is as good as you'll find anywhere.



"My mother-in-law made it for me."

How good it is was disclosed to your reporter earlier this Spring, when, accompanied by Dick Reed, Pilot-Warden Bill Turgeon and Warden "Cash" Austin, all of Maine's Department of Inland Fisheries and Game, a seaplane landing was made on Togue Pond, 'way up in the northern part of the State. We moored the plane and headed up a dim trail, skirting the edge of a large beaver pond, and found ourselves on the shore of a beautiful little mountain lake of, perhaps, 20 acres. Its sole visible inhabitants were a pair of nesting goldeneye ducks and about a million hungry trout.

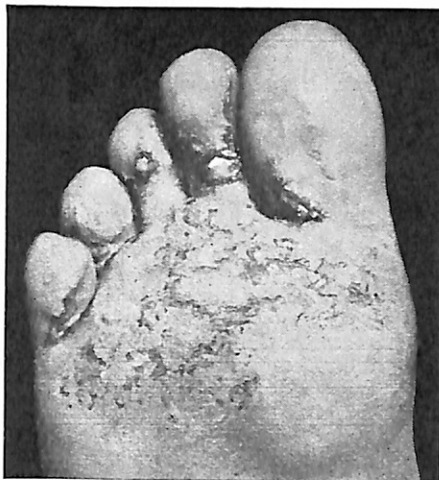
Fishing from a raft, and with Warden Austin doing the navigating, your reporter enjoyed the kind of fly fishing you read about but never get. Those brookies literally ripped a little yellow streamer fly to shreds and were even more enthusiastic about a wet Royal Coachman.

This pond was only one of a dozen in the immediate vicinity—all of them loaded with fish. Togue Pond, where Till Turgeon had landed the plane, also is full of squaretails and, of course, lake trout, from which it gets its name. A wilderness vacation spent on the shore of that beautiful lake would be something for any sportsman's memory book. There are hundreds of others equally good.

Flying back to Rangeley Lake from the previously mentioned trip we dropped into Spencer Lake Camp, about 20 miles from Jackman, to see what the angling talent was doing in that fishing hotspot. It developed they were making out all right, if 20-pound lakers, three-and four-pound salmon and over-stuffed squaretails is ringing the bell, piscatorially speaking. What a place that is!

No Maine fishing trip would be complete without a whirl at Kennebago Lake's trout. This six-mile-long body of water is included in the Rangeley chain and its finny inhabitants are countless in number, despite the heavy toll taken all season. Three- to six-pound fish are common, and 12 to 14 inchers a dime a dozen. However, a five-fish limit keeps everything under control, and all angling is restricted to fly fishing. It's a place where the trout can catch 'em to his heart's content, provided he puts most of 'em back. J. Lewis York runs an admirable camp on this lake, where fishermen lead the life of Riley.

Did somebody ask about black bass fishing? Brother, there are over 300 lakes and ponds in Maine where smallmouth fishing second to none is on tap. The fishing begins in June and continues right through the Summer. They hold an annual bass catching tourney up there every season, where the boys rally to decide who's who in the matter of sustained effort. The fish are caught, tallied and returned to the water. Your reporter can't recall, offhand, last year's winner or his total day's catch, but it was something like 157 fish. That'll give you a rough idea.



FOOT ITCH ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon

Don't Pay Until Relieved

According to the Government Health Bulletin No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as pos-

sible, because it is both contagious and infectious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Disease Often Misunderstood

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine used should first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed. Often the terrible itching is relieved at once.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



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Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

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CITY STATE.....



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Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 31)

Bowling Green, O., Lodge Gives a Delightful Spring Dinner-Dance

The Elks' annual Spring Dinner-Dance at Bowling Green, O., was an outstanding social success. Covers were laid at the Woman's Club for 100 Elks and their ladies who later spent the evening dancing at the home of Bowling Green Lodge No. 818.

Spring flowers were used in profusion as decorations. Purple and white predominated in the color scheme. The orchestra played in an enclosure separated from the dance floor by a white picket fence covered with white spirea. The Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, James Merrell, made a brief after-dinner speech and then presented Clarence Vidoni with a gift as a prize for selling the most tickets for the affair. He also introduced E.R. Ira D. Lance who responded.

Alexandria, Ind., Lodge Initiates The Largest Class in Its History

Thirty-seven new members joined Alexandria, Ind., Lodge, No. 478, at a Spring meeting, bringing the number of candidates initiated during the term to a total of 68. The class was the largest in the lodge's history.

Special initiatory rites were performed by the drill and ritualistic teams of No. 478. P.E.R. Will F. Smith, acting as Exalted Ruler, led the officers who conferred the degrees. The ceremonies were preceded by a banquet at which the candidates were honor guests.

James A. Farley Figures in Double Ceremony at Queens Borough Lodge

At ceremonies in the lodge room of Queens Borough, N.Y., Lodge, No. 878, on May 27, a check for \$350, the lodge's contribution to the Greater New York Fund, was formally presented to former Postmaster General James A. Farley by Exalted Ruler-elect Charles O. Lawson. The retiring Exalted Ruler, James W. Walsh, was the recipient, in another ceremony, of two testimonial gifts, a certificate for a new automobile and a gold case for his membership card. P.E.R. John E. Kiffin presented the certificate on behalf of those members who contributed toward its purchase, while P.E.R. John G. Toomey made the presentation of the card case. Mr. Walsh was further honored that evening by the initiation of the "Jim Walsh Class" of 15 members.

Mr. Farley is one of the most prominent Elks in the State, a Past Exalted Ruler of Haverstraw Lodge No. 877 and a Past President of the New York State Elks Association. He was escorted into the lodge room by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Supreme Court Justice and P.E.R. of Queens Borough Lodge, P.E.R. Frank F. Adel, also a Supreme Court Justice, and James A. Roe, of Queens Borough Lodge, prominent political figure. Nine of the 14 living charter members of No. 878 were present for the ceremonies which were largely attended.

Fatal Accident Deprives Galena, Ill., Lodge of Its Exalted Ruler

The death by accidental drowning of E.R. Vernon L. Moyer is mourned by the members of Galena, Ill., Lodge, No. 882, who shortly before the tragedy had



elected him to the highest office in their lodge. Mr. Moyer had offered his boat to the Deputy Sheriff to be used in the investigation of the possible drowning of a man from out of town and had accompanied the Sheriff and Chief of Police on their trip up the Mississippi River. The rudder jammed, causing the boat to swerve suddenly, and Mr. Moyer was swept into the water. It is believed that he was stunned by the fall and prevented from saving his own life. Before the boat could be stopped it had drifted some distance and when his companions again reached the spot where he had gone down they found no trace of him.

Mr. Moyer was highly respected in Galena. He was, at the age of twenty-six, successful in several lines of business. As an Elk he enjoyed the friendship and esteem of his fellow-members.

Golden Anniversary of Roanoke, Va., Lodge Is a Happy Event

Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197, observed its 50th anniversary on April 12. Memories were stirred and stories—some of them old but, somehow, always new—were told at the banquet table around which were gathered nearly 200 of the members. A half-century ago, ten men met in a small hall over a local drugstore for the purpose of organizing an Elk Lodge. The Golden Anniversary Party was held in a fine spacious building, the present home of Roanoke Lodge. In 1891 there was only a "handful of members". Today the lodge has more than 1,000 names on its membership roll.

Speeches were held to the minimum. The only address was made by Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Chelsie J. Senerchia, of Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948. He was introduced by P.E.R. Leonard G. Muse, Toastmaster. In front of the speakers' table was a huge two-tiered cake topped by 50 white candles which were lighted during the banquet. The invocation was given by Chaplain J. M. Snyder. Selections by a quartette preceded the dinner and adjournment was preceded by the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag. The largest American Flag in the section hung on the wall facing the speakers' table. The decorations, under the supervision of Manager Ernest N. Duvall, were simple but effectively arranged.

Two prominent members of Charlottesville, Va., Lodge, No. 389, who attended the banquet, were D.D. R. Watson Sadler and Walter Chisholm, 3rd Vice-Pres. of the Va. State Elks Association. The new officers of Roanoke Lodge, headed by E.R. F. G. Francis, were installed by Mr. Sadler.

Springfield, Mass., Lodge Holds Its Forty-First Annual Banquet

More than 175 members of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, assembled in their home recently for the 41st Annual Banquet held by the lodge. E.R. W. Lee Costigan opened the program. William T. Cavanaugh was Toastmaster. The

speakers were Mayor Roger L. Putnam, Captain Raymond P. Gallagher of the Springfield Police Department, who gave the principal address, and Thomas H. Richardson, President of the Eastern Baseball League. The retiring Exalted Ruler, Robert W. King, was presented by Superior Court Judge William C. Giles with a diamond studded watch charm and a jeweled life membership case. P.E.R. Dr. John E. Keefe, D.D. for Mass., West, brought the banquet to a close with the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

The annual banquet is one of those enjoyable events which serve to bring the members together for a social evening. Ernest E. Masse, Jr., and John D. O'Connor were co-chairmen this year of the committee in charge of the affair which was pronounced "one of the greatest in the lodge's history".

Savannah, Ga., Lodge Celebrates Its Golden Anniversary

Fifty years ago, at the historic Poulaski House in Savannah, Ga., charter members gathered about the banquet table to celebrate the brilliant institution of their lodge, Savannah No. 183. On May 20, 1941, at the Hotel Savannah across Johnson Square, 250 members dined and celebrated the lodge's golden jubilee with songs and stories.

Patriotic addresses were made by P.E.R. John L. Sutlive and Delacey Allen, a prominent attorney of Albany, Ga. The history and progress of Savannah Lodge was reviewed during the evening and tribute was paid the lodge for its vast charity work. The genuine fraternalism exemplified by the membership was also given recognition. P.E.R. Ernest J. Haar was Toastmaster.

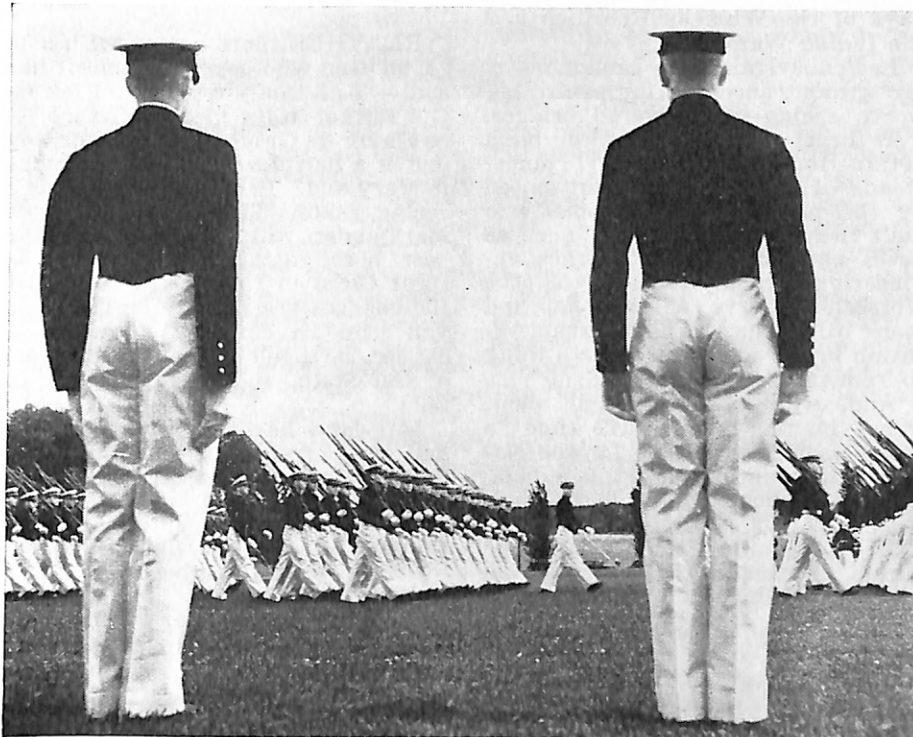
New Citizens Day Is Observed at Home of Boise, Ida., Lodge

Under the joint sponsorship of the Americanization Council and Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, the third annual New Citizens Day program was held on May 18 in the lodge home. The Elks Chorus, under the direction of Kenneth Hartzler and Franklin Holsinger, sang during the opening ceremony. Judge Charles Winstead welcomed the guests and P.E.R. Raymond L. Givens of Boise Lodge, Justice of the Idaho Supreme Court, delivered an address of special interest to the new citizens. Arthur Thomas, chairman in charge of the oratorical and essay contests sponsored by Boise Lodge, presided during the oratorical contest held at this time for the purpose of selecting the speaker for the State finals. The person present holding the oldest naturalization papers was presented with a silk flag, a gift of the lodge.

A few days before the New Citizens Day meeting, Boise Lodge entertained 50 students and teachers who participated in the essay contest. Some of the students traveled a distance of 70 miles to be present. A banquet was served and a program of music was presented. P.E.R. Ed D. Baird, a former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, Judge Givens and Chairman Arthur Thomas attended. During the day, appropriate radio talks were given by Myrtle Enking, Treasurer of the State, and Jack Musser, of Boise Lodge.

Vacations

UNLIMITED



International News Photos

The Honor Company passes in review during June Week at Annapolis.

By John Ransom

In a few cogent phrases Mr. Ransom lets us in on the vacation opportunities of Pennsylvania and Maryland.

IN Pennsylvania there are so many places of interest to a traveler that space will not permit us to tell about them all. However, we will do our best to give you a quick once-over on Pennsylvania's vacation possibilities.

In the Keystone State there are beautiful mountains, more than 200 lakes and 100 waterfalls, a dozen canyons, parks, fine streams for fishing and always good roads—87,000 miles of them, more than 40,000 miles of improved highways and plenty of attractive spots off the beaten paths.

If you have that restless feeling and do not know exactly what you want but you just have a yen to be up and going, that is the time to throw a few things in the car and start out over Pennsylvania highways where the scenery alone is enough to inspire you. Stop where and when you please—at a mountain

inn, a small community tourist house. Break up your trip with a dip in a cool lake or an old-fashioned swimming hole. Stop for a few rounds of golf at any of a number of country clubs you are bound to pass.

See some of the historic milestones in American history, by visiting battlefields of other years. If your draft number is about to come up you will appreciate your lot much more when you realize the problems of Washington's army at Valley Forge or the men at Gettysburg and Fort Mifflin long before the days of modern army camps. You will see something more than that in Pennsylvania. You will see hundreds of reasons for America's greatness, in its parks, monuments and buildings dedicated to men who in their own way did exactly what you are doing now. You will feel the reason for it all as you travel freely from one end of

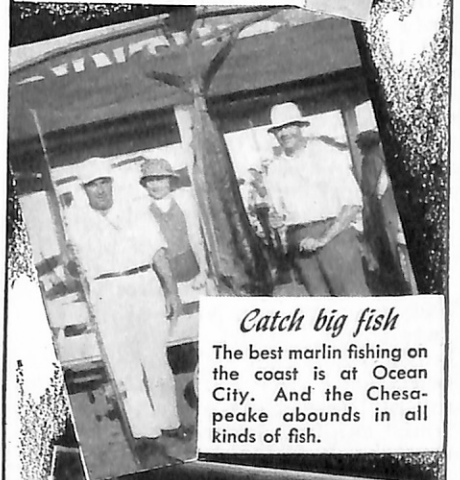
When you go to Philadelphia
DON'T MISS SEEING MARYLAND

Maryland—"America in Miniature"—has everything to make your trip memorable! Lovely scenery, historic shrines, and summer playgrounds where you can escape the heat and enjoy fishing, swimming and boating.



Cool off on the beaches

Ocean City and numerous Chesapeake Bay resorts offer ideal vacation spots.



Catch big fish

The best marlin fishing on the coast is at Ocean City. And the Chesapeake abounds in all kinds of fish.



See the Chesapeake

The largest inlet on the Atlantic seaboard—200 miles long with great fishing, boating and bathing.

FREE—A series of beautifully illustrated book-lets describing Maryland's attractions

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MARYLAND PUBLICITY COMMISSION
STATE OFFICE BUILDING • ANNAPOLIS, MD.

the State to the other and you meet genuine hospitality and an eagerness to make your visit pleasant.

The eastern half of Pennsylvania in the north offers a beautiful mountain and lake region around Montrose, Honesdale and Hawley. In this section which is north and east of the Scranton-Wilkes-Barre metropolitan area is Lake Wallenpaupack, largest artificial lake wholly within the State. It is more than ten miles long and covers 5,760 acres and it is an excellent summer resort for motor boating, camping, fishing and swimming. Child's State Park in Pike County north of Stroudsburg and in the Poconos has cabin and tenting areas, boating and fishing facilities on Promised Land Lake. The northeastern counties of Susquehanna, Wayne and Pike are dotted with small lakes that are veritable jewels in the countryside of green forest land. At most of these places cottages are available and there are picnic areas, scenic lookouts and sport facilities.

PENNSYLVANIA'S north central section boasts of rural charm along the Roosevelt Highway through Towanda, Mansfield and Wellsboro, where tourists come to see the "Grand Canyon of Pennsylvania", high hills through which picturesque Pine Creek has cut a 50-mile gorge.

In the heart of Pennsylvania near State College, Bellefonte, Clearfield and Lewistown there are more than a dozen state recreation areas and every spot is one for your scenic scrapbook, because you certainly ought to bring a camera on your Pennsylvania tour.

Again in south central sections through which the Lincoln Highway and the Pennsylvania Turnpike lead, tourists can stop at Caledonia, Mont Alto, James Buchanan or Hemlock State Forest Parks. At any of these spots a vacationist can find darned near anything he's looking for.

There is a lot to see in western Pennsylvania. The northern area features Presque Isle State Park where there is a seven-mile beach and surf bathing in blue Lake Erie. Here is where the old *Wolverine* is docked, the first iron warship ever built in America, and the *Niagara* in which Commodore Perry won the Battle of Lake Erie. Pymatuning is also a State area, with a lake that has a 70-mile shoreline and a wild-flower preserve to add to the other natural beauties of that country. Spreading into four counties is Cook Forest Park, famous for its summer charm as well as its winter attraction. From U. S. Route 322 at Brookville, Route 36 leads into

the Park where all outdoor facilities are available.

In the southern area, Mount Davis in Somerset County is the highest peak in the State, with an elevation of 3,200 feet and a view overlooking thousands of broad acres. Southwestern Pennsylvania boasts that it made history and to prove it they point to Friendship Hill, one-time home of Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the United States Treasury during the administrations of Presidents Madison and Monroe. Or perhaps the community of Washington which is a centre of many old buildings still in good preservation dating from the days of the Whiskey Rebellion and the Indian Wars.

In Pennsylvania one cannot travel far without encountering something worth seeing—old covered bridges, iron forges reminiscent of the birth of an important industry, homesteads of colonial design influenced by the nationalities of those who built them, natural wonders such as caves, caverns, gaps and gorges, engineering highlights such as the Horseshoe Curve at Altoona, and many other places which make a vacation in the Keystone State a thing to remember.

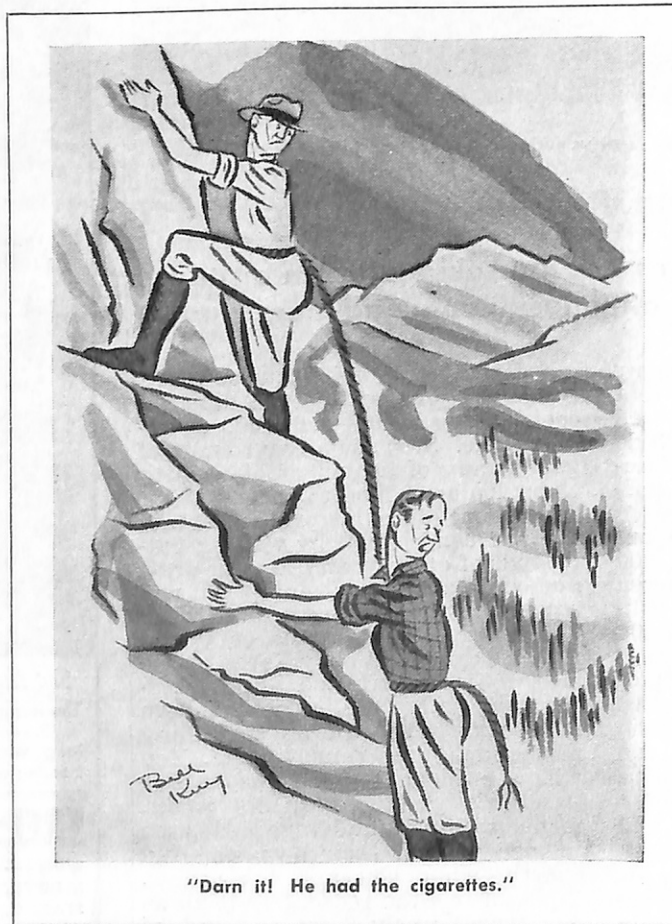
And, while we're talking about Pennsylvania, there's still time to make your reservations for the National Convention at Philadelphia. The City is packed full of the landmarks of our Nation—the Liberty Bell; Carpenters Hall where the First Continental Congress was formed; the home of Betsy Ross so

recently restored to its original condition; Christ Church where Washington worshipped; Old Swedes Church and the grave of Benjamin Franklin. In visiting these patriotic shrines you will hear much of the history of those early days, and in learning more and more of the many sacrifices made by the early Fathers in laying the foundation of this new country, you will gain not only a greater appreciation of the America we today enjoy, but also the firm resolve to retain our inheritance and to destroy the various "isms" (termites of freedom) and to bring us more closely united than ever.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead who never to himself has said—"I certainly wish I had ten on Gut Bucket in the first at Pimlico"—or Havre de Grace, or Laurel or any one of a half dozen other racetracks in Maryland? Because Maryland is a racing State. The dyed-in-the-wool Marylander will tell you that the best horse-racing in the world is right there in the Free State—and the chances are he may be right. If you lend an ear and give him a chance, he'll tell you about the rest of the State, and there's plenty to tell.

Maryland has ten State Parks—and each of them is rich in everything from fascinating historical landmarks to quiet walks in the green woods. They have hunting, fishing, canoeing, sailing, riding and so many other facilities they would be hard to list.

The traveler with the history bug can start at Fort Cumberland, in the upper western part of the State. It was a lonely outpost in French Colonial days. From there the next stop is Antietam, the scene of the bloodiest battle of the Civil War where more Americans died in battle than in any other spot on the surface of the globe in a comparable time. . . . Then on to Fort Frederick from which Braddock marched on his ill-fated expedition. Harpers Ferry is the scene of John Brown's Raid which was a forerunner of the Civil War. Fort McHenry in Baltimore is where Francis Scott Key looked out of the porthole of his prison ship at the flag waving over the fort and wrote the immortal "Star-Spangled Banner". An internationally recognized landmark is Annapolis, where, since 1845, the U. S. Naval Academy has trained generation after generation of officers until it has become the shrine of the Navy's highest traditions. The grounds are open to visitors during the daytime. Among the most interesting sights is the chapel, in the crypt of which is



"Darn it! He had the cigarettes."

the tomb of John Paul Jones, America's greatest Admiral. At nearly every season of the year thrilling sporting events are open to the public; and the "June Week" ceremonies at graduation the first week in June, offer a spectacle not to be forgotten.

Also at Annapolis, the capital of Maryland, is the historic Maryland State House and numerous unexcelled and "unretouched" examples of colonial architecture—notably the Hammond-Harwood House, the Paca House and St. Johns College.

There are many more things to see, but we want to get on to the *pièce de résistance*, Chesapeake Bay, with its thousands of surprises for the vacationer.

Although Maryland's coastline is short, its actual salt water shoreline is over 3,000 miles—3,000 miles of delightful playground.

In addition to the beaches and inlets of the Atlantic Ocean, Chesapeake Bay is nearly 200 miles in length and from four to fourteen miles wide. It is the largest inlet on the Atlantic seaboard, and with its irregular shoreline and many estuaries, it offers literally thousands of beautiful spots for water sports. The Chesapeake and its salty tributaries contain more than 20,000 square miles. Their productivity can be gauged by these figures: the famous Georges Banks off the Massachusetts coast, with an area of 700 square miles produce three tons of fish per square mile, while the Chesapeake Bay produces eleven tons to the square mile!

Among the many species caught are rock (striped bass), bluefish, weakfish (sea-trout), croakers (hard-heads), spots, perch, flounders and a hundred others. The Chesapeake Bay Fishing Fair is an annual event without equal anywhere along the coast.

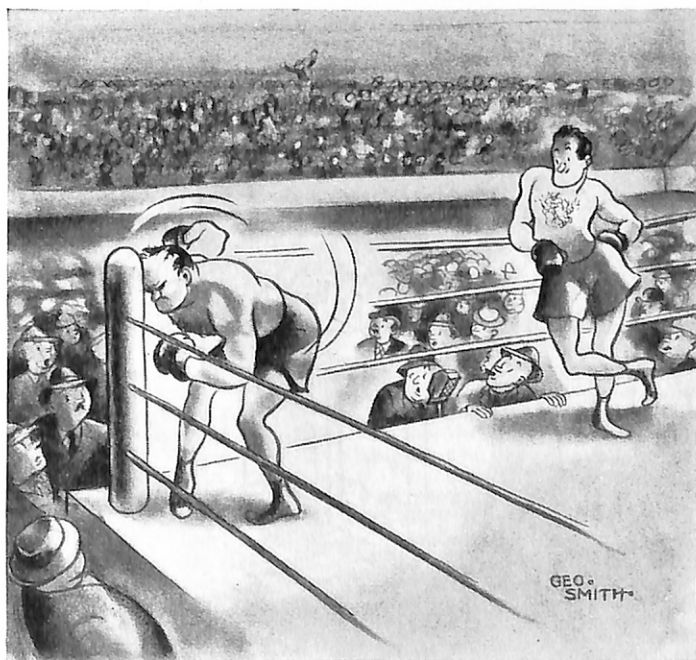
Visiting anglers have come from all over the nation. Special B. & O. trains are run from Chicago and Pittsburgh.

The broad expanses of the bay and the numerous wide tidal rivers such as the Severn and Miles Rivers and many others, offer thousands of square miles for unexcelled small boat sailing. There are sailing races and speedboat races enough to satisfy the most particular contestant.

And if by any chance you get tired of the water there's Maryland's Garden Pilgrimage. Most of the historic homes of Maryland are owned by private families—in many cases the descendants of the original owners. Naturally, the public cannot be admitted into these homes under ordinary circumstances. But, once each year, on the occasion of the "Maryland House and Garden Tour", under the auspices of the Federated Garden Clubs of Maryland, more than one hundred of these private homes and gardens—the finest examples of Maryland architecture—are opened to the public.

For a modest fee, these homes may be visited in tours conducted by the members of the Garden Clubs in the various communities of Maryland. The funds raised by these tours are used for the purchase and maintenance of the Hammond-Harwood House in Annapolis.

While it is advantageous to visit Maryland during the Annual Garden Pilgrimage, a trip through Maryland is an experience at any season of the year. From the flat, tidewater country of the eastern shore and southern Maryland, through the rolling hills of central Maryland and into the rugged mountains of western Maryland, there is little the vacationer could ask for that is not already there for the seeing.



"Battling Fay's eye is rapidly closing, folks, and he's missing rather badly."

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*That we know about.

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Your Dog

(Continued from page 17)

you can't tell how big the dog will be when full grown. That is the principal count against the plebeian pooch. Other than this, dog for dog, there isn't a dime's worth of difference between that kind of chap and the pup whose ancestors came over on the Mayflower. In love, loyalty, bravery, unselfishness, intelligence and forgiveness the mongrel matches the pure-bred every time. Countless newspaper stories reflecting these traits of canine character in the mixed-breed prove the point. But don't run away with the idea that the pooch with a bar-sinister is superior. He isn't, not by a couple of jugsfull, despite the popular idea that he's more intelligent and besides "is a heap healthier". He'll be as intelligent perhaps—this varies with all dogs, pure bred or mixed bred—but has no shade in the betting when it comes to health. Being, in most instances, without a price, or at least one that is very low, he's not had the care that is given to the pedigreed dog and this goes for his old lady as well. The mongrels you do see galloping around are, most of them, healthy galoots, but then what you're seeing is a living example of the survival of the fittest. There's an untold number that you don't and never will see that have been sent to the happy hunting grounds by doggy sicknesses due to neglect. Another bit of advice before we start to buy your dog—toss out all you've heard about certain breeds being cantankerous or fatheads. Dogs are like people in these respects. Admittedly some will turn out to be tough citizens when full grown or near that and this will occur among breeds marked for amiability. Then too, we've seen individuals among some of the so-called smart breeds that could never get beyond kindergarten.

Now let's take a look at the litter. Fat little rascals, aren't they? You like that one over there? You feel so sorry for him the way his brothers and sisters push him around. We hate to disappoint you but that's the one pup you'd best shy away from. Why? Well, he's a whole lot too bloated in the tummy which indicates an overload of worms. Note too, now that you've

picked him up, that his eyes are dull, they don't sparkle like those of the rest of the gang. See how yellow the whites are. His nose is dry? That doesn't mean anything but the halitosis he has indicates a digestive disorder. Better pass him up. You like the one that barked at you? Well, that's a good sign; a spirited pup is usually a good bet. Let's look at him. His coat's mighty dull. We thought so. See, here under his arm-pits and on his stomach there's the beginning of a rash. Now this may be only due to indigestion but then again it may be the forerunner of a skin disease that'll cost you plenty of chips before you have it cured. We'll let this chap go. Now here's one, lively as a cricket, which is the way all healthy pups should be. He's sassy too and you'll notice how he bosses the rest of the litter. Let's look at him closely. Now here is a pup for you! The whites of his eyes are white, not yellowed and he has a clean breath. Another thing his gums are firm and pink, not pale and this is a good sign in a dog, being one of the indications of health. His skin is as clean as a healthy baby's, under the arms, between the hind legs and along his tummy. He's got a good, glistening coat too. That's your pup—unless you'd like to look at that sister of his mauling her mother.

You wouldn't give house room to a female? Why not? You live where you wouldn't think of letting the dog run loose with all that automobile traffic passing your door. And as this is one of the smaller breeds

of dog she'll accommodate herself to your apartment very easily. If she does get the chance to run free, she'll do far less gadding about than will her brothers. The female likes her home, prefers to stay there and is usually more affectionate than the male. Very often too she's a bit more intelligent and a whole lot more obedient because of this. Her coming in season every six months shouldn't be a problem to you. With most, this is scarcely noticeable. When you take her out, on a leash of course, she's small enough to be carried a short distance from your house (if you don't live in an apartment, which if you do, then omit the carrying) and this will break the trail for any canine Don Juans.

In between these periods she'll resent any passes that the boys may try to make. In fact the only noticeable difference then between the male and female is seen in the respectful attitude of the former when the lady becomes irritable.

Now before we leave with your puppy, let's get written directions as to diet. We're not taking a dog that's still nursing; no reputable kennel would sell you one, for humane reasons, unless mighty sure that you knew how to wean the youngster, (if it were old enough for that). This is important, as a sudden change of menu may result in a very sick puppy. If you do switch the dog's food as it gets older, do this gradually.

Now when you get home with your new friend, let him have the run of the house for a few days to get ac-

quainted with his home. But when you first arrive, put him in a quiet place and leave him alone at least for 24 hours. Of course feed him and give him ample opportunity to relieve himself.

After he's become familiar with his new home, give him his own corner as a sleeping place and don't change this from time to time. Dogs like to think that certain places in their homes belong to them and this is to be encouraged as it develops their sense of possessiveness making them better watchmen.

To housebreak him his first lessons should be to use a few sheets of newspaper which you can spread on the floor, perhaps in



the bathroom. In time, with patience on your part and if he's half intelligent he'll get the idea. When disposing of soiled papers always leave a small piece that has been used. The scent will be a reminder.

Now for the benefit of those who may be thinking of buying a pup, and who would like to get some idea of what a good specimen of the breed they may prefer looks like when full grown, the Fleischmann Distilling Co. is offering full-color pictures of the eight leading breeds. We have a set and assure you that any or all of the pictures are well worth framing. Each picture measures 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 13"

overall and at first glance resemble nothing so much as original water color paintings. What's more they don't carry a line of advertising to mar them. The breeds in the set are the Beagle, Collie, Pointer, Wire-Haired Fox Terrier, Siberian Husky, English Setter, Greyhound and St. Bernard. They sell for 10c each which is barely the cost of postage and packing. The Kennel Department will be glad to get any or all of them for you, if you will write, including 10c for each print specified. Address KENNEL DEPARTMENT, The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of The Elks Magazine. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject". This beautifully printed, well-illustrated 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It is available to readers of The Elks Magazine at a special price of 25c. Send for your copy NOW. Address—The Elks Magazine—50 East 42nd Street, New York.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 35)

teemed Leading Knight Dr. Carroll Smith and Joseph H. Glauber, former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, both of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, Past State Pres.'s Harry Garrison, Warrensburg, Otto Botz, Jefferson City, E. J. Martt, St. Louis, Dwight Roberts, Kansas City, J. H. Dickbrader, Washington, and C. Lew Gallant, St. Louis, and D.D.'s Oliver F. Ash, Jr., St. Louis, and Fred S. Miller, Macon.

FLORIDA

The Florida State Elks Association convened at Tampa for its 36th Annual Meeting on May 11-12-13, and a great deal of important business was transacted satisfactorily by the State body. Tampa Lodge No. 708 provided plenty of entertainment for the visitors. The President's Banquet and Ball drew a capacity attendance. P.E.R. Charles I. Campbell, Tampa, was Chairman of the Convention Committee.

Registration of delegates and visitors began on Sunday morning, the 11th. At 2 p.m. a band concert was held at the lodge home after which a Mother's Day Service, open to the public, was conducted by the Tampa officers in Plant Park. Past Pres. J. Edwin Baker, Superintendent of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla, delivered the main address. The State Ritualistic Contest began at four o'clock. The degree team from Tallahassee Lodge No. 937, representing Florida, North, the team from Daytona Beach Lodge No. 1141, representing Florida, East, and the defending cham-

pionship team from Miami Lodge No. 948 participated. Miami Lodge was declared the winner with a score of 98.592. The Annual Exalted Rulers' and Secretaries' Dinner was held at 8 o'clock in the Hillsboro Hotel. After the joint dinner-meeting, at which problems of mutual interest were discussed, each group held a separate meeting.

The Convention was opened formally on Monday morning. Thirty-one lodges were represented by approximately 125 delegates. Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, of Daytona Beach Lodge, delivered a short but inspiring address. Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Chelsie J. Senerchia, Miami, was also a speaker. Seven Past Presidents of the Association were present and these, with the three District Deputies of Florida, Harry Haimowitz, Lake Worth, Charles R. Walpole, Sarasota, and C. G. Campbell, Lake City, were among those who were introduced. Reports from the State officers and various committees were then received. A net gain of 316 in membership throughout the State during the year was shown.

Prizes for the first, second and third best essays on "What Uncle Sam Means to Me" were awarded by the National Defense Committee to Miss Natilie True, of Lake Mary, Miss Betty Jane Barnett, of St. Augustine, and Miss Annie Mae Pitts, of Greensboro. The presentation of the first prize was made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz, acting on behalf of the committee. Palatka Lodge No. 1232, with a membership increase of more than 100 per cent, received the membership award.

Why make me suffer from FLEAS, boss..



-when you could give me such quick relief with PULVEX

Use quick-kill, borated Pulvex Flea Powder and in a short time your flea-

bitten pet will find life worth living again.

Rid your tormented dog of fleas quick! For fleas may also give him tapeworms, heartworms. At first sign of scratching, use Pulvex, the flea powder with the 4-in-1 formula. Pulvex, dusted all over (1) actually kills all the fleas; none revive to reinfest; (2) quickly helps soothe irritations from scratching; (3) prevents reinfestations for several days; (4) kills any ticks, lice which also may be present.

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This Different Dog Book tells how best to raise, train, housebreak puppies; how to give indoor dogs more pep, longer life. Money-saving diets, Etc.

Or Write William Cooper & Nephews, Inc. Dept. 57, 1921 Clifton Ave., Chicago

To All Members

Congress recently enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address.

This law places an unusual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member immediately notifies THE ELKS MAGAZINE or Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary and notify him at once of your new address.

Get Facts About Fistula—FREE

The Thornton & Minor Clinic, Suite 1379-G, 926 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo., has a new illustrated book that should be carefully read by every person suffering from Fistula, Piles, or any other rectal or colon disorder. They will be glad to send it to you Free—without obligation of any kind. The Thornton & Minor Clinic has treated more than 52,000 cases with their mild institutional treatment and will send you a large reference list of former patients if you desire it. Use either a letter or postcard.

West Palm Beach Lodge No. 1352 and St. Augustine Lodge No. 829 received first and second prizes respectively for the highest percentage in officers' attendance. Certificates of merit were awarded Gainesville Lodge No. 990 for outstanding improvement in condition, Pahokee Lodge No. 1638 for doubling its

membership in less than three months after its institution, and Mack Klein, of Fort Lauderdale Lodge No. 1517, for having brought one hundred and sixty-one new members into his lodge during the past year.

At the concluding session on Tuesday afternoon, L. B. Sparkman, of Tampa

Lodge, was elected President of the Association for the ensuing year. C. G. Stalnaker, also of Tampa, was appointed Secretary of the Association by the new President, and C. L. Johnson, Tallahassee, was elected Treasurer. Lake Worth was selected as the 1942 convention city.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 33)

train for the 54-mile journey and 181 Elks and their wives made the trip. The next day Mr. Buch and Colonel Kelly attended church and then left by plane for the return flight to the States.

Escorted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Supreme Court Judge and P.E.R. of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, and D.D. Charles J. Conklin of New York Lodge No. 1, Mr. Buch visited Queens Borough Lodge on April 15. He was a dinner guest before the meeting. The lodge was honored not only by the visitation, but by the fact that the Grand Exalted Ruler installed the newly elected officers. A large delegation from Mr. Buch's home lodge, Trenton, N. J., No. 105, and the Trenton Elks' Band acted as his escort. A set of crystal glasses of assorted sizes was presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler by P.E.R. John E. Kiffin. Mr. Buch had the pleasure during the evening of meeting nine charter members of Queens Borough Lodge.

Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, was visited officially by Grand Exalted Ruler Buch on April 16. He was met at the station by E.R. Anthony J. Lehmann, Secy. H. Seely McClure and P.D.D. Arthur H. Kimble of Middletown Lodge, and D.D. Harold J. Rehrey of Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge. A well attended banquet honoring the distinguished visitor was given at the lodge home after which a very successful meeting was held at which all of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the district lodges were present. On behalf of the Middletown membership, P.E.R. Martin Rosenblum presented Mr. Buch with a silver cocktail set.

On Friday, April 18, Grand Exalted Ruler Buch was a guest of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22. He was met in New York by D.D. Charles J. Conklin of New York Lodge No. 1 and a delegation of Brooklyn Elks including E.R. Newton G. Avrutis, P.D.D.'s Samuel C. Duberstein and Thomas F. Cuite and P.E.R. Judge George J. Joyce. A banquet was served at the Brooklyn Lodge home after which a large class of candidates was initiated. The Brooklyn officers conducted the ritualistic work. The Grand Exalted Ruler was presented by the lodge with a chest of flat silver, and a buffet supper was served and a reception held.

On April 19, Grand Exalted Ruler Buch visited two Connecticut Lodges, New London No. 360 and Norwich No. 430. He was met at New London by a reception committee representing all of

the lodges in the State. The New London Elks Boys' Band was also on hand. A luncheon was held at the lodge home where greetings were extended by the newly elected Exalted Ruler, Charles W. Redden, and Andrew F. McCarthy, Pres. of the Conn. State Elks Assn. After luncheon Mr. Buch was escorted to the Seaside Home for Crippled Children. There he was welcomed by Superintendent Dr. John F. O'Brien. The children enjoyed his visit greatly and had a happy surprise when they were told that Mr. Buch had left funds for a party to be given for them in the near future.

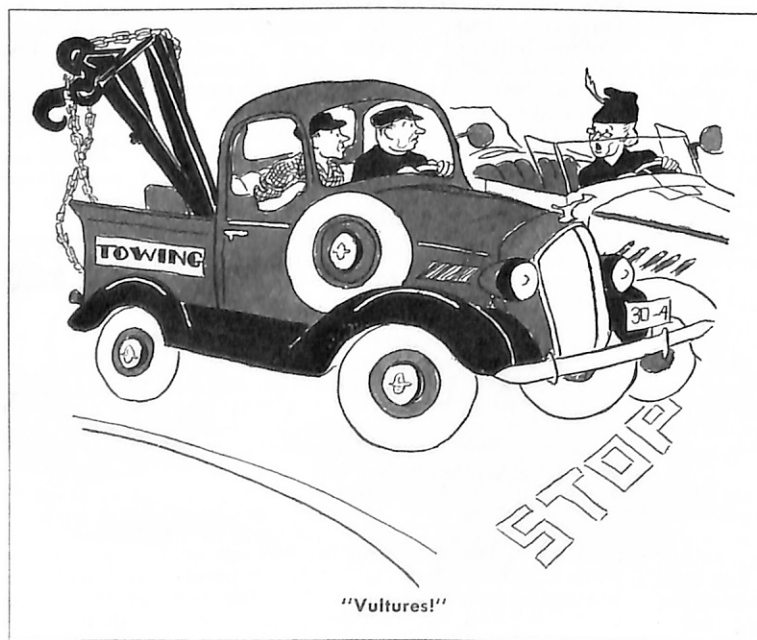
From Seaside, Grand Exalted Ruler Buch drove to Norwich where he was met by members of Norwich Lodge No. 430 and the Children's Band and escorted to the lodge home. The visitation was arranged by the Connecticut State Elks Association in cooperation with the local lodge. A great reception was accorded the Grand Exalted Ruler. After a concert by the band and a luncheon, Mr. Buch presided over a conference in which all of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the 25 Connecticut Lodges participated. All of the lodges were represented at the banquet which climaxed the day's activities. Martin J. Cunningham of Danbury, Conn., Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, was Master of Ceremonies. Among those present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, John F. Burke, Boston, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, State Pres. Andrew F. McCarthy, 1st State Vice-Pres. Frank M. Lynch, New Haven,

Edward Kennedy, Derby, Pres. of the Conn. P.E.R.'s Assn., D.D.'s William E. Beers, New Britain, and Joseph W. Delaney, Greenwich, Special District Deputy William M. Frasier of Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, P.E.R. James L. McGovern, Editor of the Bridgeport *Times-Star*, First Selectman John D. McWilliams of Norwich, who welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler officially, and practically all of the Exalted Rulers and Past District Deputies in the State. State Secretary Archie J. McCullough, Jr., of Derby, headed the State Association's Committee on Arrangements. P.D.D. Felix P. Callahan was Chairman of the Norwich Lodge Committee on which E.R. William C. Semple, Jr., served as ex-officio member. Gifts were presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler by Past Pres. George W. Hickey, of Wilimantic, acting for the State Association, Mr. Semple, representing Norwich Lodge, and Mr. Malley acting on behalf of E.R. Robert W. King of Springfield Lodge.

On April 21, the Grand Exalted Ruler, was given the privilege of the floor in the House of Assembly of New Jersey at Trenton and heard a resolution passed extolling him for his fine work as leader of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and for his activities among the crippled children of the State. The same honors were accorded him by the New Jersey Senate on April 24.

Grand Exalted Ruler Buch was one of the guest speakers at the Mother's Day exercises held on Sunday, May 11, at the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children at Longport, N. J. Governor Charles Edison of New Jersey and U. S. Senator James M. Tunnell of Delaware were the other speakers.

Accompanied by Wade H. Kepner of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Colonel Kelly, Mr. Buch paid a visit on May 23, to Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333. The party was met on the outskirts of the city by a delegation of officers of Sistersville Lodge and the band from the local high school. A colorful parade through the principal streets ended at the lodge home. The Grand Exalted Ruler addressed a large crowd of members and other citizens from the porch and was presented with a gift from the lodge by the Exalted Ruler, Roy C. Heinlein. Mr. Buch's visit was the third made by a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order to Sistersville Lodge within the past four years.



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Lucky that Ed Remembered "33 to 1"



Gosh! Blending **33** Brews sure makes this **ONE** delicious beer!

Man, what flavor— what smoothness— what sparkle! How does Pabst do it? By blending 33 fine brews to make *one* single glass! As in the finest coffee and champagne, it's this *expert* blending that gives Blue Ribbon Beer a goodness that *never* varies. Costly to do? Sure. But that's what makes it "33 to 1"— your lucky catch— your smartest bet in beer. Today— enjoy a glass, and *prove* it!



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YOUNG AMERICA in the air! Here at the Ryan School in San Diego—at twenty-seven other “West Points of the Air”—the Army training program is turning out young men who can outfly the Eagle they are pledged to defend. Americans all... they're the Army's Flying Cadets.



THE CAMPUS is an airdrome runway... classroom a 2-place trainer. And the “prof” is veteran test pilot Paul Wilcox (center, above and at left), Ryan chief instructor. And when they've passed that final “washing machine ride,” it's “Hi ya, buddy. Got a Camel?”



YES, the cigarette that rates in the Army is the flavorful brand that is extra mild with less nicotine in the smoke. Reports from Army Post Exchanges show Camels are preferred. The Army man's favorite... the Navy man's favorite... America's favorite cigarette—Camels.



THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

The *smoke* of slower-burning
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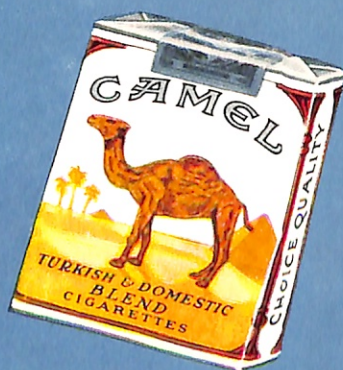
than the average of the 4 other
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any of them—according to independent
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a smoking *plus* equal,
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SMOKES
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“I’d walk a mile for a Camel,” says Paul Wilcox,
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GONE are the “Jennies” and the baling wire “crates”
of 1918. *This* is 1941! Things have changed in this
Army of ours, but not the Army man’s preference for the
cigarette of costlier tobaccos. Today, as then, America’s
front-line cigarette is C-A-M-E-L!

“I’d walk a mile for a Camel” tells you of the flavor
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mild. Science tells of Camel’s extra freedom from nico-
tine in the smoke (*see above, left*). Join up with that ever-
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that chap waiting to hear from you, get an extra carton.

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